

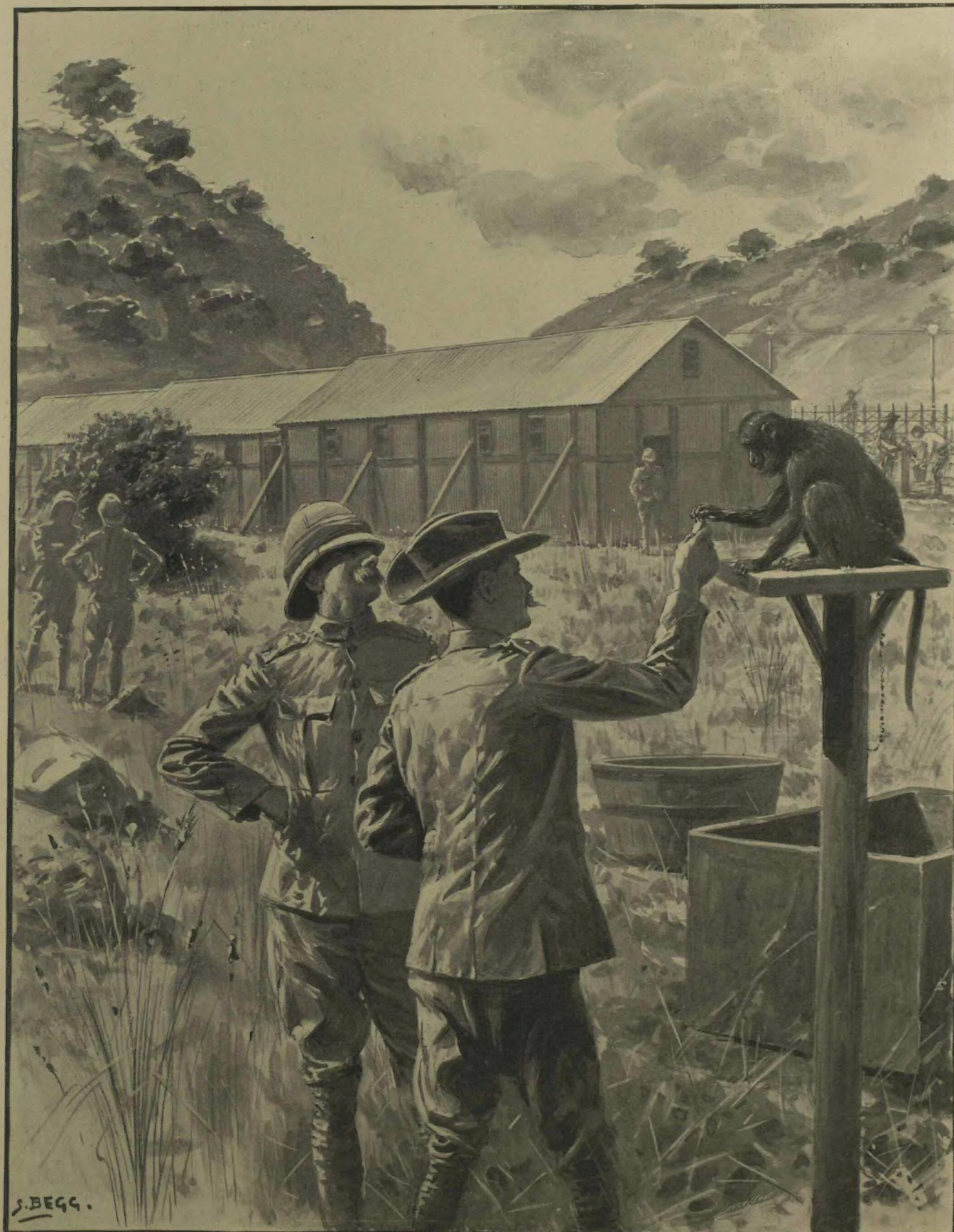
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, SIXPENCE.



COMPANIONS IN MISFORTUNE AT PRETORIA: CAPTURED BRITISH OFFICERS FEEDING THE PRISON MONKEY.

FROM A SKETCH BY A CAPTURED BRITISH OFFICER, SECOND LIEUTENANT T. H. C. FRANKLAND, 2ND DUBLIN FUSILIERS.

There are about 140 of us here. . . . We were moved into these quarters on March 16. . . . All round the enclosure in which we are kept are 25 electric lights. . . . We all sleep in one big room with rows of beds close together, just like a hospital. . . . There is a tame monkey here called Joe; you will see him in the picture sitting on the top of his pole. He is very fond of eating locusts, when he can catch them.—FROM A CAPTURED OFFICER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

London still hangs out her banners, much to the concern of a friend of mine, who would have her return to that grey sobriety which rejects all colour as a frivolous display of superficial emotion. The British flag, he remarks, should be reserved for great occasions, for what I lately heard the American Ambassador call "the relief of London," and not be used for draping bicycles and cabs, and imparting a glow of patriotism to the sale of toothsome dainties on costermongers' barrows. "Once upon a time," says my friend, "the flag was an object of respectful homage. It was a symbol that we revered twice or thrice a year. Now it is an article of domestic use; a carpet is less common. You can buy the flag of England, Sir, for a penny at every corner. It is thrust into your face by rude boys and still ruder girls. The respectful homage has given place to disgusting intimacy!" I should explain that my friend has a grievance because, on the historic night when London celebrated the relief of Mafeking, he was the victim of a gross outrage. At the door of a restaurant where he had been entertaining some friends, he lighted a large, fragrant, and expensive cigar, and, having put his party into a carriage, squeezed in after them, with the hand that held the cigar resting gracefully on the window-sash. In a moment the cigar was plucked away, and a Union Jack put in its place. Such an experience leaves an indelible impression even on the most patriotic mind.

Now, I don't think the flag is in any danger of ill-bred familiarity. Some people treat it with a solicitude that is almost too thoughtful. From the club window I perceive a balcony tastefully decorated with several flags. Presently there is a smart shower, and out pops a neat-handed Phyllis, who carries in the Union Jack out of the wet. As I write, the sun is shining with extreme fervour on that balcony, and so the Union Jack is kept cool indoors. The flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze must be tended as if it were liable to catch cold or sunstroke. I am reminded that in a very scarce edition of *Shakespeare*, the poet (who foresaw everything) anticipated this coddling of the flag as if it were in delicate health—

Hang out our banners on the outward wall,
But take them in when rain begins to fall;
And should too fierce a sun assail their dye,
Roll up our banners then, and put them by.

As I cannot verify this quotation, owing to the scarceness of that edition, I must beg the clemency of the correspondent who sent me last week this reproachful line on a postcard: "You've just enough of learning to misquote." Yes, I had stumbled in an allusion to the Jackdaw of Rheims; and now, excommunicated by postcard, I am rather like that luckless bird when the curse fell upon him.

The flag is sometimes visible where one would least expect to find it. A well-known citizen, who shares Mr. Morley's views about the war, hung out the banner one morning, to the surprise and gratification of his neighbours. A visitor who called to congratulate him was met at the door by an armed guard of children. "You want to see papa?" said they. "We must ask the general in command." The general in command, aged eight, was brought from an upper storey, and explained the situation. "Papa is a prisoner," he remarked. "We have sent him to St. Helena." "Good gracious!" said the visitor. "Oh, it isn't very far," said the general in command. "We gave him his choice of the bath-room or the study. He preferred the study. He said it was more convenient." The visitor was then escorted by the guard to the study-door, where he was greeted by the exile. "Changed my views? Nothing of the sort. Oh, the flag! Well, the fact is my family is strongly Imperialist. The children hold a Special Commission every day, and have not yet decided whether I am a rebel or a prisoner of war. Meanwhile I am allowed, as a special mark of British humanity to the vanquished, to have my regular meals. The only thing that is stopped is my paper, the *Morning Boer*." "Horrible privation!" said the visitor. "Yes, Bobby, the general in command—why did I christen that child Robert?—reads my articles aloud, and the baby cries, 'Same, same!'" "Meaning that you repeat yourself?" "No. She means 'Shame!'" Then the paper is solemnly burnt, and they all sing the National Anthem."

How the militarism of our children must pain Mr. Morley! I think of him when I meet the vendor of mechanical toys, whose tiny puppets in khaki go through their evolutions on the pavement. I wonder whether Mr. Morley has ever engaged the needy toy-vendor in conversation, and rebuked him for stimulating the lust of Empire in the young. Perhaps the unconscionable huckster of patriotism has tried to do a stroke of business, and provoked from Mr. Morley the historic retort, "I give thee sixpence! I will see thee—!" But the critic who corrects my "learning" may wish to finish the quotation.

A correspondent, who takes me to task for certain reflections on the Boer character, reminds me that high tributes to the enemy have been paid by British commanders. I know those tributes, and also Lord Roberts' unheeded remonstrances against the treacherous abuse of

the white flag, and the wholesale looting. The Boer is unquestionably a courageous man; but there are degrees of courage. Boer courage, for instance, has an element of calculation which did not distinguish the ancient Swiss, and is quite unknown to the Gordon Highlanders. My correspondent quotes Mr. Hales of the *Daily News*: "He who says the Boers are cowards lies." Nobody says it; but Mr. Hales describes how fifty Gordons routed five times their number of Boers with one irresistible onslaught. I have ventured to remark that the Boer does not fight for his independence on his own soil with the spirit he showed when fighting for the property of Natal farmers. Loot was at least as strong a spur to him as liberty. But when there is no more loot, the fighting spirit of the Transvaal Boer declines. You may say he has the love of freedom to sustain him; but what freedom? Mr. Kruger's ideal of liberty is the licenses to misgovern and plunder the majority of white men subject to his laws. True to that principle, he carried away from Pretoria all the gold he could lay hands upon. Let us not use ugly names about this transaction. Commandeer the wise it call. But I am dropping into "learning" again!

An Afrikaner writes to me from Cape Colony: "If you people in England could only know the truth about South Africa! But of course you don't, and you never will. So it is useless to explain. We Afrikaners trust in God more than in anyone else, so we know that those who invent so many lies about us will, undoubtedly, be brought to shame. For to whom else can they belong than the Father of Lies?" This amiable warning rounds off a letter designed to persuade me that Mr. Du Toit, who wrote the original and frankly disloyal prospectus of the Bond, represented no element of opinion amongst the Afrikaners. My correspondent, who thinks that in this country we know nothing about South Africa, is evidently unaware that Mr. Reitz was a party to Mr. Du Toit's manifesto. Mr. Hofmeyr was not; but who has exercised the greater influence over Afrikaner sentiment, Mr. Hofmeyr or Mr. Reitz? Take a simple test. In 1895 Mr. Hofmeyr was willing to support Mr. Rhodes in the threatened war with Mr. Kruger over the closing of the "drifts." There was a secret agreement. But what happened when that agreement was disclosed? Was it applauded by the Bond? Were not the Afrikaner leaders who had pledged themselves to Mr. Rhodes compelled to stand in white sheets by their indignant constituents? Mr. Kruger was much too wily to carry the quarrel about the "drifts" to the point of armed conflict; but if he had gone to war, would Mr. Hofmeyr have dared to cast him out of the Afrikaner brotherhood? "He will do nothing to cause disunity amongst us," says my correspondent. I can thoroughly believe it!

But there is an Afrikaner who is not afraid to cause disunion in the Bond. Mr. Schreiner refuses to lend himself to what is nothing less than a policy of rebellion. My correspondent calls Mr. Hofmeyr his "beloved leader"; but he does not mention Mr. Schreiner, who is not "beloved." Can't you imagine the kind of Chinese politician who extols his "beloved" Dowager-Empress, but has no endearments to spare for the unfortunate Emperor? To make the illustration more exact, I should say that it is Mr. Kruger, not Mr. Hofmeyr, who resembles the Dowager-Empress in South African politics. He has a Chinese hatred of foreigners and European reforms. His "Boxers" are the colonial rebels whom Mr. Hofmeyr is so anxious to save from the penalties of treason. Now that Mr. Kruger is vanquished in the war he deliberately provoked, a "Boxer" policy is preached by the dominant section of the Bond in defiance of Mr. Schreiner. My correspondent cheerfully assures me there will be another war as soon as we are entangled in some European trouble that will give the Afrikaners their opportunity. This is precisely what Mr. Kruger wanted; and if we had let him have his own way, he would have stayed his blow until the very moment my correspondent predicts.

It is pretty generally agreed that the Dowager-Empress of China is an intolerable nuisance, and it is even suggested that she should be deposed without any reference to the wishes of her subjects. But I wonder that some friend of freedom at any price and national independence at all hazards does not rise and say: "I object, in the sacred name of liberty, to this policy of meddling with the affairs of an independent people. It may be true that the Dowager-Empress is a bloodthirsty old lady, that she instigates 'Boxers' to murder foreigners, that her plighted word is an Oriental allegory, that she is not even a rightful Sovereign. But no breach of treaties, no outrages on British subjects, no danger to our political or commercial interests, can justify the invasion of Chinese independence. If foreigners in China are murdered, that is their look-out. Why can't they stay at home? If we seek to avenge them, and protect others, we shall only embitter the Chinese still more, and lose the confidence of the Celestial Hofmeyr." I am surprised that Mr. Morley does not address this convincing argument to his countrymen, and denounce everybody who dissents from it as a "militarist" who hates peace, economy, and reform.

THE WAR REVIEWED.

General Sir Redvers Buller deserves the lion's share of attention this week. Operating in the most mountainous and most difficult country in the scene of war, he has brought to a successful issue a series of arduous manoeuvres reflecting the greatest credit upon himself, his Generals, and the splendid body of troops he has the honour to command. Brilliantly led, cavalry and infantry and artillery have alike distinguished themselves. The Premier of Natal was naturally prompt to convey his "heartiest congratulations" to Sir Redvers, rightly adding in terms of warmest appreciation in his message of June 12 from Pietermaritzburg: "We are under a deep debt of gratitude to you for having driven the enemy out of the colony, and we are proud of you and your brave troops."

Sir Redvers Buller effected his entrance into the Transvaal from Natal with as little bloodshed as possible. He displayed his humanity by giving the Boer Commander at Laing's Nek every opportunity to surrender. On June 2 (as poetical justice would have it, under the shadow of Majuba Hill, and almost on the very spot at which Sir Evelyn Wood discharged the ungenial duty of agreeing to the armistice of March 1881, when he had Joubert within his grasp), it fell to the lot of General Buller to hold a highly important conference with Assistant-General Christian Botha, the young brother of the present able Boer Commandant-General. To Christian Botha Sir Redvers Buller pointed out the futility of further resistance, inasmuch as the Boers at Utrecht and Laing's Nek were completely isolated. In reply to the request for an unconditional surrender, Christian Botha said he knew Lord Roberts had entered Johannesburg and was marching to Pretoria (it was three days later that the Commander-in-Chief led the Guards into the Transvaal capital), but he asked for a three days' armistice to consult his superiors. The armistice was considerably granted, but failed to bring about the desired capitulation.

How firm was General Buller's grip on the position was quickly proved. The armistice ended, the Boer guns at Pogwana reopened fire on June 5, and were responded to by brisk shelling. On the 6th, the heights commanding Botha's Pass were taken after a tough fight. Among the Colonial troops the South African Light Horse distinguished itself greatly in the engagement. The "Sakabulas" (the native term for the South African Light Horse) subsequently rode into Utrecht, beyond which they were checked by volleys from the enemy; Captain St. John, Lieutenant Pearse, and Lieutenant Leigh having their horses shot under them, but displaying great pluck in an unmistakably "tight place." Colonel Brocklehurst sent the 18th and 19th Hussars to the back of the mountains, thus securing a clear country for the ensuing operations. On June 10 General Buller encamped in Orange River Colony, having effected the passage of the Drakensberg. The brunt of the fighting on that date fell upon the 2nd Dorsetshire Regiment, which carried a position at the point of the bayonet, and upon the Third Cavalry Brigade, heavily attacked on the right from the broken country round Iketini Mountains. Sir Redvers Buller also mentions the work done by the Artillery; and stated that the whole attack was directed by General Hildyard, "whose dispositions were extremely good."

Sir Redvers Buller had the satisfaction in his next despatch, dated June 12 from Joubert's Farm, to report that on Monday night Laing's Nek and Majuba had been completely evacuated by the Boers, and that General Clery was coming over the Nek from Ingogo. The retirement of the enemy from these historic positions may be accepted as another factor in favour of the approaching close of hostilities.

Lord Roberts may be relied upon to hold his own in the heart of the Transvaal. Mr. Kruger may speciously argue that the van in which he happens to be is the Capital—a delightful bit of egotism, recalling the vain phrases, "L'état, c'est moi," and "J'y suis, j'y reste"—but the British Commander-in-Chief has solid reason for preferring Pretoria. Lord Roberts has such a powerful army under him that his equanimity need not be ruffled by the fact that telegraphic and railway communication was temporarily interrupted by a Boer raid north of Kroonstad. With characteristic promptitude, General Hunter arrived in time to disperse the enemy at Honing Spruit, as General Kelly-Kenny informed us from Bloemfontein. Had the field-telegraph been more efficaciously worked, we should have received earlier news of Lord Methuen's stiff engagements.

That here and there Lord Roberts's vigilance and forethought do not prevail was, unfortunately, proved anew by the capture of the Duke of Cambridge's Yeomanry at Biddulfsberg, near Senekal, on May 29, and by the loss of another battalion, the 4th Derbyshire, at Roo-deval on June 7. On the other hand, it was some consolation to learn that on Monday last 1500 Boers surrendered to General Brabant in the Ficksburg district.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS STEER'S GILBERTIAN REVIVALS AT THE COMEDY.

It is but tepid entertainment Miss Janette Steer now provides at the Comedy in her revivals of "Pygmalion and Galatea," and the one-act "Comedy and Tragedy." In part, the fault lies with the dramas and their author. "Comedy and Tragedy," of course, was never more than a nailed-up melodrama, devised to glorify the mummer class and to exploit a leading actress's virtuosity. But even "Pygmalion" itself, halting ever as it does inconsistently between romantic and burlesque methods, seems far more like a vulgar parody than a poetic rendering of the beautiful classical legend. Unhappily, too, the play's every quality seems threadbare and thin: its blank verse never reaches lyrical fervour, or more than an occasional touch of imaginative grace; its ordinary dialogue does but anticipate the perverse frankness and mechanical irony of Savoy extravaganzas; its humour has far too little regard for delicacy and reticence; and its construction is desperately artificial and unnatural. But the players at the Comedy are the serious offenders; they exaggerate the farcical elements of the comedy illegitimately, and are quite unable to give the blank-verse lines their true value. From this censure Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Fuller Mellish (a melodramatic Pygmalion) may be exempted; but Miss Steer, adequate enough in Galatea's naiver moments, and stagily pathetic in the later passages if she did not hesitate constantly between falsetto and contralto intonation, sets her company a bad example both in comic extravagance and in faulty elocution. As for "Comedy and Tragedy," its chief rôle calls for an actress of brilliant all-round talent, which emphatically Miss Steer is not.

Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, says he sympathises with the Boers because he "abhors monarchy in all its forms." Reasoning does not appear to be a very strong element in American electioneering.

There is to be a violent agitation at the Cape for the recall of Sir Alfred Milner. This is another trick of the Bond to which Mr. Schreiner will lend no countenance. The extreme Afrikaners hate Sir Alfred Milner because he found them out. To recall him with the idea of conciliating them would be a sorry act of weakness, and it is not in the least likely to happen.

In an interview at Berlin Sir Arthur Sullivan is reported to have assured the Kaiser that, after Lord Roberts, he (the Emperor) was the most popular man in England. The Kaiser expressed his great admiration of Lord Roberts, and his satisfaction in having rendered some service to this country. All this is declared to be authentic by a popular German paper. It must be pleasant reading for the German Anglophobes.

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12 noon for Cleethorpe, Doncaster, Grimsby, Hull, Telford, Workop, &c.
2.40 p.m. for Burnell Common, Chester field, Kirkby and Phinton, New Basford, Stavely Town, Pitsley, &c.
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PERSONAL.

To the number of deaths through white flag treachery during the present war must be added that of Captain C. H. Elworthy, who fell at the Sand River on May 10. A number of men, led by Captain Elworthy, were advancing towards a kraal upon which the white flag had been hoisted, when they were surprised by the enemy. Captain Elworthy was killed almost immediately—the first officer of his regiment to fall in the present campaign. Captain Elworthy, who was but thirty-five when he became a victim to Boer treachery, was educated under Dr. Perceval at Clifton College, from there going to Magdalen College, Oxford, and taking his degree. At Sandhurst he was gazetted a University cadet in 1887, and passed his military examinations well. He also carried off the riding prize of his year. Early in 1889 he received his commission in the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers). By no means exceptionally brilliant, he plodded steadily on, and not once did he fail in an examination. With all his work, however, he found time for sport, and had many military steeplechases and point-to-point races to his credit. A photograph of Captain Elworthy was supplied to the Queen by her express command.

Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Marshall, K.C.M.G., who died at his London residence of pneumonia, on June 8, was born July 26, 1829, and was the son of the late Mr. George Marshall, of Broadwater, Surrey. He received his education at Eton, and towards the end of 1849 he became a cornet of Horse in the 2nd Life Guards. During the Crimean War he acted as aide-de-camp to Sir James Scarlett, and received for his services the medal with clasp for Sebastopol and the Turkish medal. On Feb. 4, 1859, he was gazetted Captain; on March 6, 1863, Major; on March 8, 1864, Lieutenant-Colonel; on March 6, 1868, Colonel; and on Oct. 20, 1877, Major-General. While holding this rank he commanded the Cavalry Brigade in the Zulu War of 1879 until its dissolution, then taking over the command of the advanced posts on the line of communications. For this work he was awarded the medal. In September 1884 he retired from the active list with the rank of Lieutenant-General. Three years later he became a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. More honours still, however, were in store for him, for on March 29, 1890, he was made Colonel of the 1st Royal Dragoons, the regiment of which the German Emperor is Colonel-in-Chief, and on June 22, 1897, he was gazetted K.C.M.G. Sir Frederick Marshall was master of the Chiddingfold Foxhounds. He is said to have been the pioneer of khaki.

Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, who died suddenly on Saturday last at Aboyn, Aberdeenshire, in his eighty-first year, was the son of the late Mr. Samuel Brooks, banker. He was educated at Rugby and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1842 in honours as Senior Optime. Five years later he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple, practising on the Northern Circuit. When his grandfather died, however, he ceased law-work and became a partner in the bank of Cunliffe, Brooks, and Co., in Blackburn, Manchester, and London. From 1869 to 1885 he sat in Parliament as Conservative member for East Cheshire, and in 1885 he unsuccessfully fought for the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire. In March of the following year he took the place of his nephew, the late Mr. John Brooks, as M.P. for the Altrincham Division of Cheshire, and at about the same time he was created Baronet. He had no heir, so the title became extinct on his death. He was Deputy-Lieutenant and magistrate for Lancashire and Aberdeen, and magistrate for Cheshire and Manchester.

The late Dr. John Charles Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, had been in failing health for some time, and his death was, therefore, not altogether unexpected. The late Bishop was the eldest son of Mr. John Ryle, M.P., and was born on May 10, 1816, at Macclesfield. When the time came for him to go to a public school, he was sent to Eton, and from there to Christ Church, Oxford, matriculating in 1834, and being elected to a Fell Exhibition. Two years later he carried off the Craven University Scholarship, and the next year he gained a First in the "Greats" class-list, being bracketed with Arthur West Hadden, Dean Stanley, Canon Lonsdale of Lichfield, and Archdeacon Balston, afterwards the Head Master of Eton. His father was a banker, and the late Bishop for a short time took a part in the business. Then financial difficulties came in his way, and leaving commerce, he exchanged his business career for that of a clergyman, being ordained deacon in 1841 by the Bishop of Winchester. For the next two years he held

beginning his missionary career, in the mission church at Yung-ching. Mr. Robinson was a native of Armley, Leeds, and prior to his ordination did much valuable work in Wortley. At the time of his sailing for China he was engaged to be married, and it was settled that his fiancée should join him in three years. She left in February of this year, but fell ill and died on the way out.

The Rev. H. V. Norman, who was also murdered by the "Boxers," was well known in Dorsetshire. His father, Mr. J. Norman, resides at Portland. Originally, Mr. Norman was one of the teachers in a National school at Dorchester. Later on, he offered himself as a student at St. Boniface Missionary College, and was gladly accepted. The hon. sec. of the Dorset Missionary Studentship Association, which body supported him as their first missionary, recently received a letter from him written in

a very hopeful strain. Mr. Norman had only just finished the erection of a church, with the aid of native Christians, and had been engaged in organising new mission work at Ch'i-chou, some thirty or forty miles south of Pao-tung-fu.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry de Beauvoir de Lisle, who formally demanded the surrender of Pretoria, is the son of the late Richard de Lisle, of Guernsey, and was born in Dublin in July 1864. He was educated in Jersey, and in 1883 joined the 2nd Durham Light Infantry, then stationed at Gibraltar; 1885-86 found him in Egypt in command of a division of mounted infantry. He was present at Ginnis, and was mentioned in despatches, in addition to being awarded the medal and star and the Distinguished Service Order for special service during the attack of the fort at Ambigole Wells by the Arabs. Lieutenant-Colonel de Lisle is as good a sportsman as he is soldier, and has been captain of his regiment's polo team for ten years. His book, "Hints to Polo Players in India," is well known.

General André, the new French Minister of War in succession to General de Galliffet, is sixty-two, and a man of vigorous will. He distinguished himself in the Franco-German War, and became a General of Division in May 1899. Hitherto General André has taken no prominent part in political life, and he may be said to have come first into wide-spread notice by his order that journals "known for their systematic hostility to the Government" should be excluded from the mess-rooms of non-commissioned officers under his command. General André is said to be a Dreyfusard because, as an artillery expert, he

declined to believe that the famous bordereau was written by an artillery officer. His accession to office has already led to the resignation of the Chief of the General Staff, and this, it is expected, will be followed by the resignation of the Military Governor of Paris. There are exciting times in store for General André.

On May 30 General Ian Hamilton, who had been sent by Lord Roberts to work round to the west of Johannesburg in support of General French's cavalry, encountered the enemy, strongly posted on some kopjes three miles south of the Rand, and in possession of "Pom-poms," a number of field-guns, and two guns of heavy calibre. General Hamilton at once attacked successfully. Among those who fell in this engagement was Lieutenant Hugh Warton Fife, of the 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Born in 1870, Lieutenant Fife joined his regiment as Second Lieutenant in 1893. He was given his Lieutenant's commission three years later.

Mr. Schroiner has broken with the Bond. He is determined to co-operate with the Imperial authorities, and the Bond is determined to push obstruction to the verge of rebellion. Hence the break-up of the Cape Ministry.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
CAPTAIN C. H. ELWORTHY,
6th Dragoon Guards, Killed, Sand River.



Photo. Hills and Saunders.
THE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. SIR F. MARSHALL, K.C.M.G.



Photo. J. Edwards.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. DE B. DE LISLE, D.S.O.,
The Officer who Demanded the Surrender of
Pretoria.



Photo. Gerbell.
GENERAL ANDRÉ,
The New French Minister of War.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RYLE.



Photo. Heath.
LIEUTENANT H. W. FIFE,
2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry,
Killed, Senekal.



Photo. See Tey, Tientsin.
THE REV. H. V. NORMAN,
Missionary Murdered by "Boxers."

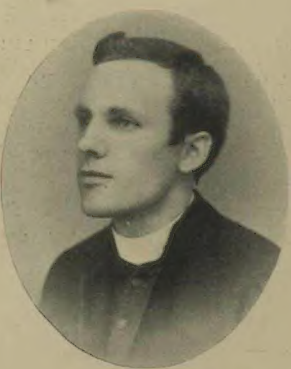


Photo. Yuen Chong, Tientsin.
THE REV. C. ROBINSON,
Missionary Murdered by "Boxers."



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIR W. CUNLIFFE BROOKS.

the curacy of Exbury, in the New Forest, then being appointed to the Rectory of St. Thomas, Winchester. The next year he again moved, this time to the Rectory of Helmingham, Suffolk. In 1861 he became Vicar of Stradbroke, in the same county, and it was while there that he began to be a power in the religious world, principally on account of his great aptitude for tract-writing. Between this time and the spring of 1880 Dr. Ryle was twice Select Preacher at Oxford and once at Cambridge, and became, in 1872, an honorary Canon of Norwich Cathedral. Then, when Dean Hamilton died, he was offered and accepted the Deanery of Salisbury. Shortly afterwards the Dean-designate was appointed first Bishop of Liverpool. The late Bishop was three times married.

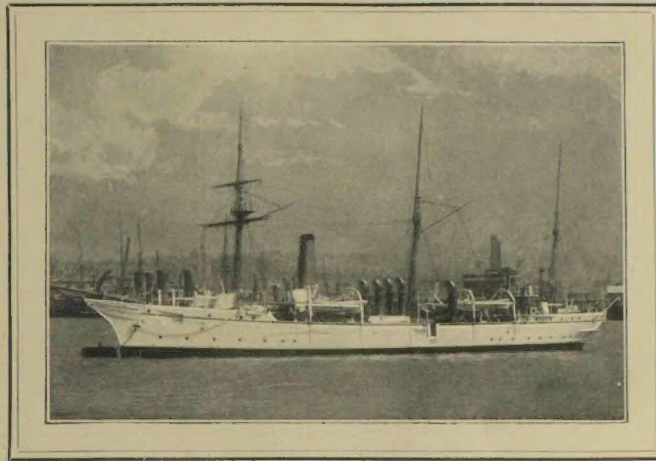
The Rev. Charles Robinson, who was brutally murdered by "Boxers" at Yung-ching, received his training at St. Boniface Missionary College, sailing eventually for North China. There, in 1898, he was ordained and made one of the missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. An excellent musician, he officiated as organist during his term at St. Boniface College, and, on

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH POWER IN CHINA.

Photographs of W.-Ships by Symonds, Portsmouth.



H.M.S. "CENTURION": VICE-ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S FLAG-SHIP IN CHINESE WATERS.
TWIN-SCREW BATTLE-SHIP; FIRST-CLASS ARMAMENT.



H.M.S. "ALGERINE," TWIN-SCREW SLOOP.
1050 TONS; 1400 HORSE-POWER; 6 GUNS.



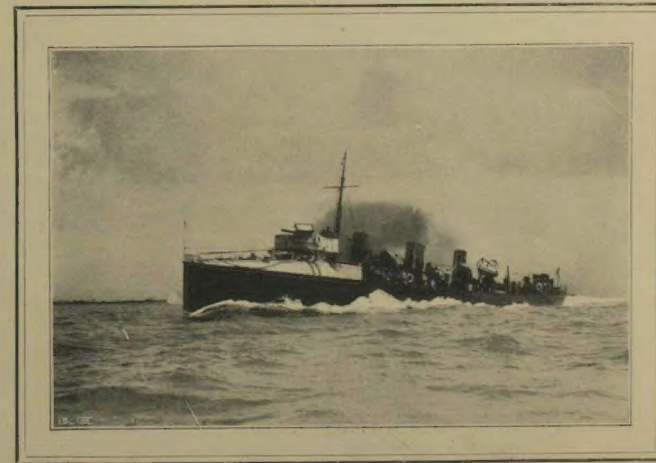
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, K.C.B., COMMANDING THE CHINA STATION.
Photo, Maull and Fox.



SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT PEKING.
Photo, Elliott and Fry.



H.M.S. "PHOENIX," TWIN-SCREW SLOOP.
1050 TONS; 1400 HORSE-POWER; 6 GUNS.



H.M.S. "WHITING," TWIN-SCREW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.
300 TONS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

It seems as if the crisis in China, which the Boer delegates expected to lead to an advantage for themselves, owing to Britain's troubles in the East, would result, on the contrary, in a general reconciliation among the Powers, which would leave Britain a freer hand than ever in South Africa. For, as M. Delcassé told the French Chamber the other day, it is the subjects of all the European Governments who are menaced by the Boxers, and therefore all the European Governments must stand together to avert the crisis. The summer residence of the British Minister has been destroyed by the rioters. It is now proved that the Empress-Dowager is favouring the Boxers in her insane hatred of the Europeans. General Nieh has been reprimanded for even moving out against them. Boxers are allowed to patrol the streets of Peking in enormous crowds, and may attack the Europeans and Christians at any moment. The Protestants are being guarded by a small force of British and American marines, and the Roman Catholics in the French Cathedral by a few Frenchmen.

The Boxer operations in North China make the photographs of Tientsin and Peking which we reproduce to-day of special interest. The Boxer movement originated in Shantung, the seaport of which, Kiaochau, together with a wide zone, was seized by the Germans in the autumn of 1897. Since that time there has been a growing feeling of unrest in that province. The Germans, however, dealt firmly and resolutely with troubles as they arose, sending armed parties of soldiers into the affected districts, and burning villages in some instances. The Boxers, who have, in common with the rest of their countrymen, a wholesome appreciation of force,

to traffic. This key has been placed in security in British hands through the medium of the Imperial Railway Loan of £2,300,000, which the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank successfully negotiated last year. It is to be hoped, in the interests of those in favour of an open door in China for our trade, that nothing will be done to jeopardise the position thus gained. Another of our views represents the Chên-Mun, one of the largest gates of the walled capital of China. The able and splendid services of the British engineer-in-chief, Mr. C. W. Kinder, who is responsible for the construction of the railways, and who has carried out his work in spite of endless foreign intrigue, have recently been graciously recognised by her Majesty the Queen in her Birthday honours.

OUR OFFICERS AND SHIPS IN CHINA.

At the present time, when there is serious trouble in China, it is fortunate that our Commander-in-Chief on the Chinese Station has already had experience of the Celestials in war. Vice-Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour (a cousin of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour) after receiving his education at Radley, entered the Royal Navy in 1852. During the Crimean War he served as midshipman on board the *Terrible*, fought in the bombardment of Odessa, Sebastopol, and Kinburn, and in many minor engagements, and was present at the capture of Kertch. For these services Sir Edward received the Crimean and Turkish medals and the Sebastopol cross. He was midshipman on the *Calcutta* when it was sunk during the destruction of the Chinese flotilla in Fatshan Creek; fought at the capture of Canton and the Pei-ho Forts, and was Lieutenant of the *Chesapeake* in the Chinese War of 1860. He was Commander of the *Growler* on the Congo in 1870, and Captain of the *Iris* in the Egyptian War of 1882. In Sir Claude MacDonald, our representative at Peking, Sir Edward has a skilful supporter. After finishing his education at Uppingham, Sir Claude entered the Army, retiring in 1887, after much active service, with the rank of Major. He has since then been successively Consul-General in Zanzibar, Special Commissioner in the Niger Territories, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Emperor of China and King of Corea. Among the vessels supporting Sir Claude MacDonald's claims are the *Centurion*, Admiral Seymour's flagship, a twin-screw battle-ship of the first class, weighing 10,500 tons; the *Algerine*, twin-screw sloop of 1050 tons; the *Phoenix*, of the same make and weight; and the *Whiting*, a twin-screw torpedo-boat destroyer.

A FAMOUS REYNOLDS.

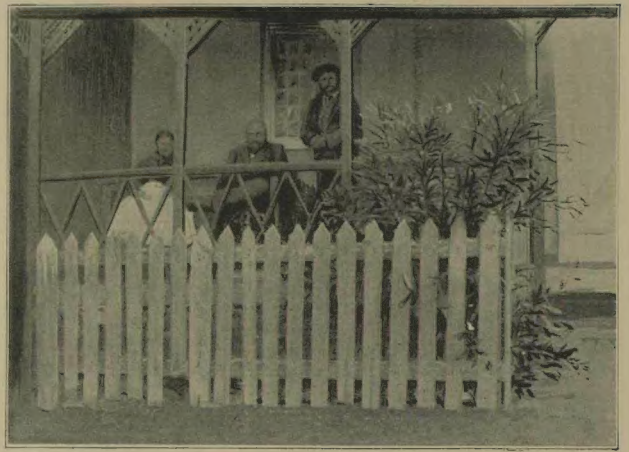
The National Gallery has just sustained a severe loss in the masterpiece of Sir Joshua Reynolds representing Lady Cockburn and her children. The picture, which is sometimes called "Cornelia and the Gracchi," is one of the only two paintings to which



A TREASURE LOST TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: REYNOLDS'S LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN.

This, one of the only two signed works of Reynolds, has had to be surrendered by the Trustees, owing to legal complications.

seeing that resistance in Shantung was hopeless, commenced marching northward to the line of the least resistance in the neighbouring province of Chih-li, in which Tientsin and Peking, the capital, are situated. They forcibly signalled their northward approach by the brutal murder of Mr. Brooks last winter in Shantung. The *Peking and Tientsin Times* during the winter gave solemn warnings of the danger of the movement, but these warnings were disregarded, with the result we now see. Tientsin is the great distributing centre of North China, just as Shanghai and Canton are the centres for the middle and south respectively. It is the second largest port in China, and is situated at the converging-point of a network of rivers and canals. Its trade is derived from the far interior. The British were the first to exploit and develop this commerce, which of recent years has been advancing by leaps and bounds. The British share in this trade vastly preponderates over that of all the other nations of the world combined. The Pei-ho is a shallow river, frozen for nearly three months of the year, from the middle of December to the middle of March. By means of ice-sledges a large passenger and freight traffic is carried on over its frozen surface, which one of our views illustrates. We also give a view of Tientsin railway station, taken at the arrival of a Peking mail train. The return journey between Peking and Tientsin can now be made in a single day, allowing four hours in either city in which to transact business. Formerly the return journey occupied seven days by boat or four by road. The imperial railways form the key of Northern China. They connect Peking with Tientsin and Neuchwang, the whole system being 355½ miles, now open



A CONTRABAND PORTRAIT: CRONJÉ, HIS WIFE, AND SECRETARY, AT KENT COTTAGE, ST. HELENA.

The Photograph was taken against orders by a British soldier, who, being in uniform, managed to elude the double guard.

Reynolds appended his signature, the other being the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, now in the Dulwich Gallery. The signature will be observed on the flounce of the dress, as Sir Joshua said he wished to go down to posterity on the hem of their robes. "Lady Cockburn" was bequeathed, with about twenty other paintings, to the National Gallery by its former owner, Lady Hamilton, about eight years ago. They were duly hung, and the masterpiece of Reynolds has been much admired for its splendid composition and colour, also for its remarkable state of preservation. About a year ago the Hamilton family discovered that the lady's interest in the pictures was limited to her lifetime, and that she had no power to dispose of them. They accordingly pressed their claim, and the National Gallery Trustees, after taking legal advice, found they had no alternative but to give up the works. This was done, and the Reynolds has been sold to a millionaire for, it is said, the sum of £20,000. The rest of the collection is to be sold at Christie's on the 25th.

THE ASHANTI RISING.

The rising of the natives in Ashanti has, apparently, taken a turn for the worse, and at the moment of going to press there were grave apprehensions lest the relief force should fail in its attempt to reach Kumassi in time to save the gallant garrison. The rising itself was undoubtedly primarily due to the attempt of the Governor, Sir Francis Hodgson, to seize the sign of native sovereignty, the famous Golden Stool; secondarily, to the question of taxation, and the fact that the wish of the natives to be free has always been strong. About March 31, when the seizure of the Stool was attempted, saw the first bloodshed, and on April 10, or thereabouts, Kumassi was closely invested, and Sir Francis Hodgson sent an urgent message to the authorities asking for all the available forces to be sent to his aid. In response to this demand a relief party started, Captain Middlemist and a portion of it arriving some five days after the investment. On the 29th of the same month, the Ashantis made a daring attack on the fort, but were, fortunately, repulsed. On the same day Captain Aplin, with a force of Hausas, contrived to enter the town after two days of the hardest fighting. Every officer of the little force was wounded, and there were no less than 135 casualties among the troops. May 24 saw the defeat, at Kokofu, of Captain Hall and the advance guard of Colonel Wilcocks party, resulting in his retreat to Esameja. About four days later, Lieutenant Slater was killed at Kwiso while leading a Hausa scouting party. Later, on June 6, Colonel Carter Wilkinson, from the south, and Captain Hall, from the north, joined hands, but suffered defeat, with one hundred casualties, at Dompooasi. In this engagement Colonel



THE ROODEVAL PRISONERS: OFFICERS OF THE 4TH DERBYSHIRE MILITIA (SHERWOOD FORESTERS) CAPTURED BY THE BOERS ON JUNE 7.

Photo. Ensell.

Wilkinson was wounded. The latest news at the time of writing is that Colonel Willcocks is at Prahsu, unable to move through lack of carriers. To make matters still worse, the river Prah is in flood. Colonel Wilkinson is in a state of siege at Kwaia. Cape Coast Castle, whence the advance of the relief column started, was formerly the capital of the British settlements on the Gold Coast of Guinea, and has a population of 10,000. The main fort is built on a granite rock, jutting out into the sea. Close by are two small outposts, Fort William and Fort Victoria.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

Our two double-page illustrations, from sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, deal with Lord Roberts's entry into Kroonstad, which has been referred to in detail in another part of the paper. Among our other pictures of campaigning in the Free State, one of the most interesting is that which shows Lord Roberts and his daughters watching an early morning start of the troops from Bloemfontein to take part in General Pole-Carew's forward movement. The first Union Jack in the Transvaal, the British officers' prison quarters at Pretoria, and other sketches are fully dealt with in the descriptions below the engravings.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF KRUGER, TAKEN ON APRIL 28 LAST.

The President is wearing a mourning hat-band for General Joubert.

The 4th Derbyshire Militia (Sherwood Foresters) were captured at Rooodeval on June 7. Lieutenant-Colonel Baird Douglas and Lieutenant Horley were killed, along with fifteen rank and file.

KING OSCAR IN PARIS.

King Oscar of Sweden has met with a splendid reception at the hands of the Parisians. He was personally conducted by President Loubet from the station to the Palace provided for him by the Republic. Everywhere he goes he is met by manifestations of popular enthusiasm. The French do not forget that their royal guest is the grandson of a French sergeant who rose to be a Marshal of Napoleon, and the first Swedish King of his line. The enthusiasm which the King's visit has evoked reached its culmination at Longchamps, at the race for the Grand Prix. The King drove up accompanied by Admiral Maigret and two of his own aides-de-camp. The enclosure immediately burst out into a wild tumult of applause, shouting "Vive le Roi!" repeatedly. The King was received by the Prince d'Arenberg, the Duc de la Force, and Vicomte d'Harcourt. Having been especially cheered by the members of the Jockey Club, he thanked the members personally for their courtesy. His Majesty seemed to be much moved by the warmth of his reception, and a correspondent says it was a pretty sight to see the tall old King standing up in his carriage as it drove round the enclosure, acknowledging the salutations of the throng.

THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

The ninth annual Horse Show at Richmond was favoured with exceptionally fine weather. There were many distinguished visitors on the ground. The Duke of Cambridge, who was accompanied by Admiral FitzGeorge and General Williams, seemed especially interested in the fine exhibition of harness-horses. Lord Hothfield and Baron William Schröder acted as judges in this class, which proved to be much better than the riding classes. Mr. W. Foster's black mare Melvalley Princess carried off the first prize among the ponies. For animals over fifteen hands the first prize went to Mr. Heaton's splendid brown gelding Marvellous, which also carried off the special prize open to winners in the novice classes. The hacks were judged by Sir Robert Wilnot and Mr. W. S. Buckmaster. Mr. F. V. Gooch

carried off the first honours in the novice class with his bay gelding Express, and Mr. J. H. Stokes was first in the covert class with Cherry Ripe. For hacks over fifteen hands Mr. F. G. Haines scored a distinguished success with the chestnut gelding Herald, an animal adjudged to be absolutely perfect. The jumping competitions began in the afternoon and continued on the following day.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AT ALGIERS.

This sketch is the combined work of some twenty observers on the steam-yacht *Argonaut*, and is called the "*Argonaut eye*." The various ladies and gentlemen—Misses Slater, M. Boger, E. Statham, Josephine Slater, Emily Slater, Katie Slater, Janeway, and E. T. Thorold, the Rev. J. Goring, Dr. Heywood Smith, Messrs. Hugh Browne, J. Stark Browne, W. E. Cooper, George A. Hassell, R. H. Hodge, H. K. Neeld, E. W. Rollings, Percy Wingfield, H. Whicello, and myself—made sketches of what they actually saw, either during totality or immediately after, of quadrants of the corona and streamers, or the whole of it, and I have carefully united in one picture our combined work, which has been duly certified by them, as well as by some hundred or more *Argonaut* observers, to be a very complete representation of the solar appendage as it appeared to them during totality. The planet Mercury shone brightly about four lunar diameters S.E. of the moon's limb.

The length of totality varied between fifty-five and sixty-five seconds, as several stations were occupied by our 130 observers, including over twenty Fellows of the Royal Astronomical Society and British Astronomical Association, who formed our *Argonaut* party. It will be observed that the general appearance of the corona and streamers corresponds to what is known as minimum of sun spots, which occurs every eleven years, and is vastly different from the sketches and photographs I made in 1870, at time of maximum sun spots. This pearly white corona had four clearly marked streamers, also some shorter ones; the streamers were more striated than the rest of the corona, and in part had a more or less faint peacock-green tint.

The darkness during totality was not great: it was easy to read print; and the only other bright body besides the planet Mercury, which was wonderfully well seen, was Venus in the distance, this planet being visible twenty minutes or so before totality, the light of the corona being too great to admit of the many stars near the sun being seen.—A. B. B.

THE "RING," AT COVENT GARDEN.

Covent Garden has again carried through, on the whole successfully and faithfully, a performance of the "*Nibelungen Lied*" of Wagner—faithfully in as far as not one note was omitted. Appreciation of Wagner and of his music-dramas is no longer a cult to be looked upon by the many as an affectation. He is now eagerly heard by thousands, and intelligently heard by hundreds, at least, of the large audiences that filled the Opera House last week. Following the Bayreuth precedence, the tetralogy was not given on four consecutive days. A break was made after the penultimate "*Siegfried*" by introducing Puccini's "*La*

Bohème" between it and the "*Götterdämmerung*." This was necessary, for the heavy parts of Brünhilde and Wotan were interpreted throughout by Fräulein Ternina and Herr van Rooy, though "*Siegfried*," less artistically, was



COMPOSITE SKETCH, SHOWING THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AT ALGIERS.

Drawn by Colonel A. Burton Brown, R.A., and Assistants.

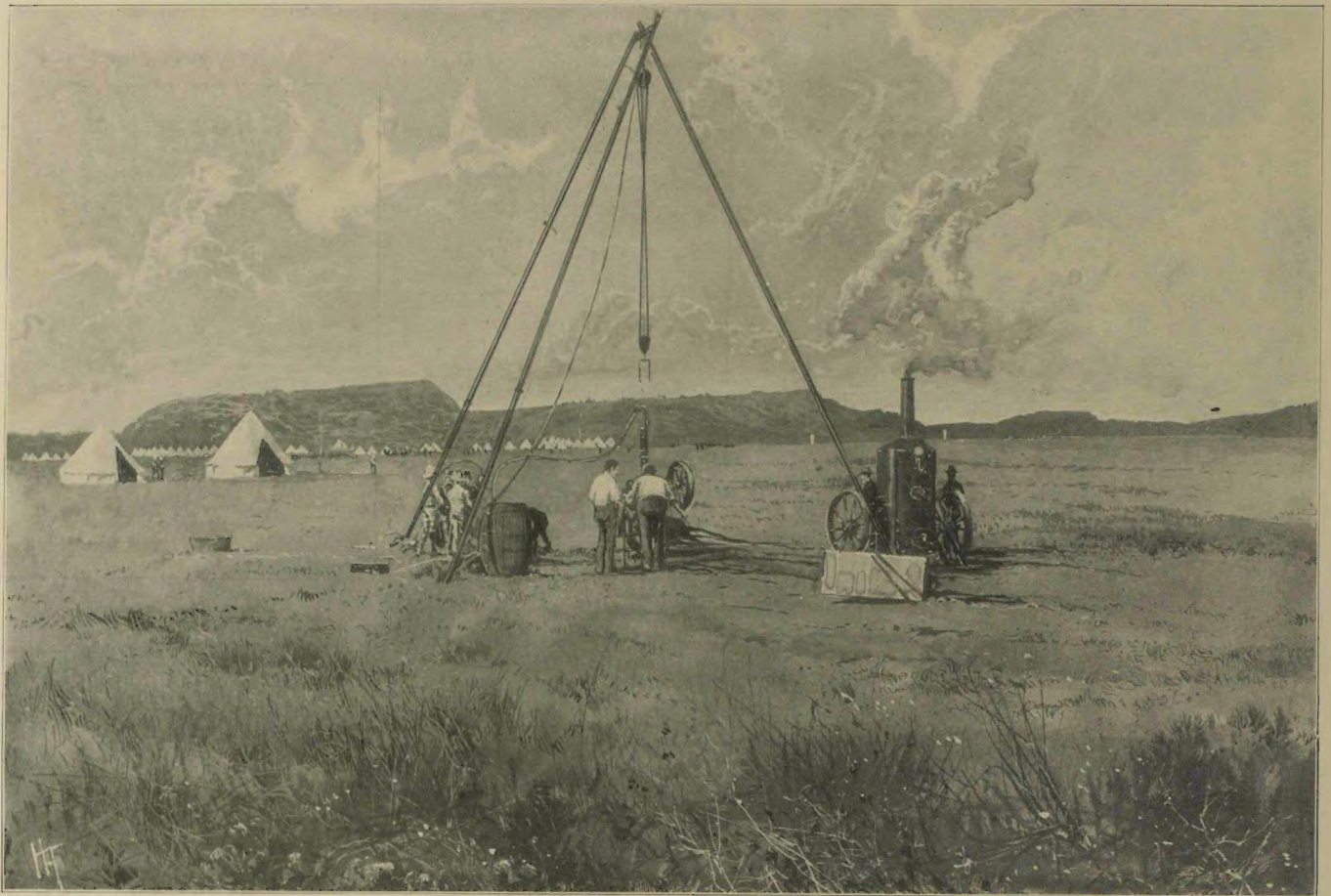
divided between two singers. Slightly to misquote Schopenhauer, "It is much easier to point out the faults and errors in the performance of a great work than to give a distinct and full exposition of its value"; but even the captious could find very little to censure in this cycle. True, there was that lack of scenic effects and of stage mechanism, which so handicaps Wagner away from Bayreuth, where his own ingenious stage-handicraft and inventions are carried out accurately. Then there were the hours of twilight, a depressing atmosphere, that had neither the enthrallment nor mystery of the Bayreuth darkness into which the auditorium is plunged, nor the more commonplace light that would enable the less-instructed novice to follow the music, studying the structural *leit-motifs* upon which the drama is built.

Herr Mottl conducted each day. In spite of his slow time, that amounted occasionally to an irritation, marring even the stupendous effect of the march in the "*Götterdämmerung*," he must be warmly congratulated on his excellent orchestra and his masterly control over it, especially in scenes where, so richly has Wagner scored his instrumental parts, it is easy, under less artistic moderation, to drown the voices on the stage. Fräulein Ternina, however, scored the greatest success. Her voice was magnificent. Her Brünhilde is certainly the best that England has ever seen; her perception of the part, actress and artist as she always is, marks it as one of her finest rôles. It is so very rare that a singer has, added to a beautiful voice, an intelligence and refinement of acting, though it was Wagner's aim and ideal in all his performances. Herr van Rooy sang Wotan exceedingly well; Herr Dippel was an excellent Siegfried. Herr Ernst Krauss justified his reputation as a tenor, though possessing little capability as an actor. Fräulein Scheff sang with great charm and purity the bird-music; she is new to English audiences, though she is popular in Vienna. It was almost entirely a Teutonic company, so that our insularity was gratified by Miss Susan Strong acquitting herself well as Freia.



THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY AT THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS.

Photo. L. J. Hamel, Paris.



METHOD OF PROCURING WATER FOR THE TROOPS ON THE VELD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. OWEN SCOTT.

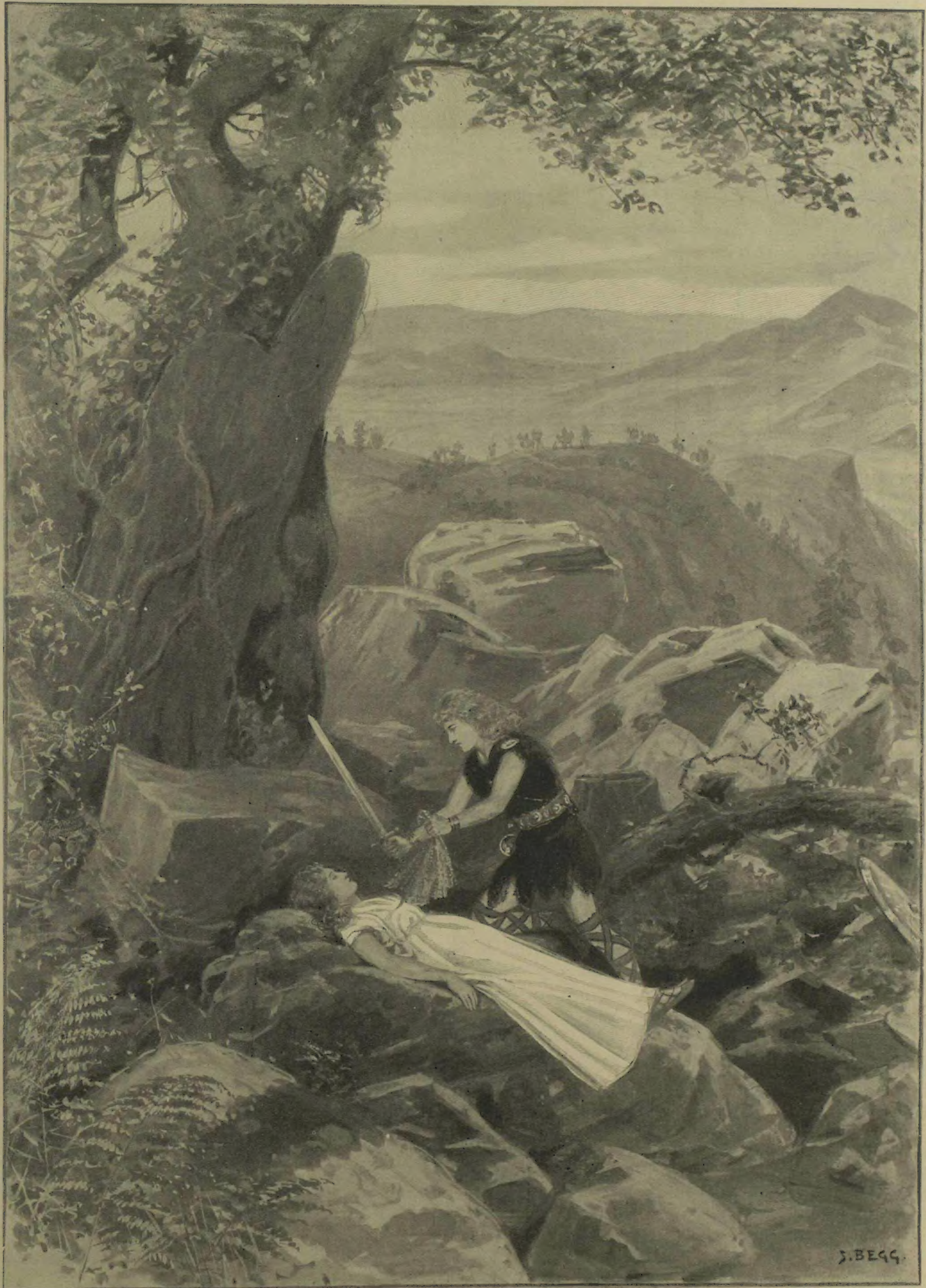
An artesian well is sunk by boring, and over this is fitted a pump driven by a donkey-engine.



"RESURGAM"—A PROPHECY THAT HAS BEEN FULFILLED: BURIAL OF THE BRITISH FLAG AT PRETORIA BY LOYALISTS ON AUGUST 2, 1881.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

While the Convention of 1881 was being signed, a body of loyalists held a mock funeral at which the Union Jack was buried. Over it they placed a tomb-stone bearing the inscription, "In memory of the British Flag in the Transvaal, which departed this life on August 2, 1881, aged four years. 'In other climes none knew thee but to love thee.'—RESURGAM?"



Brunhilde: Fräulein Ternina. Siegfried: Herr Dippel.

"SIEGFRIED" AT COVENT GARDEN: THE AWAKENING OF BRUNHILDE.



AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW, SATURDAY, JUNE 9.



THE LATE STEPHEN CRANE.

By STEPHEN CRANE.

Mr. Stephen Crane's death was undoubtedly hastened by the hardships he endured in the Spanish-American War. It is particularly interesting that Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, the illustrator of this story, acted as our Special Artist during the campaign in Cuba, where he met Mr. Crane.

GATES had left the Regular Army in 1890, those parts of him which had not been frozen having been well fried. He took with him nothing but an oaken constitution and a knowledge of the plains and the best wishes of his fellow-officers. The Standard Oil Company differs from the United States Government in that it understands the value of the loyal and intelligent services of good men and is almost certain to reward them at the expense of incapable men. This curious practice emanates from no beneficent emotion of the Standard Oil Company, on whose feelings you could not make a scar with a hammer and chisel. It is simply that the Standard Oil Company knows more than the United States Government, and makes use of virtue whenever virtue is to its advantage. In 1890 Gates really felt in his bones that, if he lived a rigorously correct life and several score of his classmates and intimate friends died off, he would get command of a troop of horse by the time he was unfitted by age to be an active cavalry leader. He left the service of the United States and entered the service of the Standard Oil Company. In the course of time he knew that, if he lived a rigorously correct life, his position and income would develop strictly in parallel with the worth of his wisdom and experience, and he would not have to walk on the corpses of his friends.

But he was not happier. Part of his heart was in a barracks, and it was not enough to discourse of the old regiment over the port and cigars to ears which were polite enough to betray a languid ignorance. Finally came the year 1898, and Gates dropped the Standard Oil Company as if it were hot. He hit the steel trail to Washington, and there fought the first serious action of the war. Like most Americans, he had a native State, and one morning he found himself Major in a volunteer infantry regiment whose voice had a peculiar sharp twang to it which he could remember from childhood. The Colonel welcomed the West Pointer with loud cries of joy; the Lieutenant-Colonel looked at him with the pebbly eye of distrust; and the senior Major, having had up to this time the best battalion in the regiment, strongly disapproved of him. There were only two Majors, so the Lieutenant-Colonel commanded the 1st Battalion, which gave him an occupation. Lieutenant-Colonels under the new rules do not always have occupations. Gates got the 3rd Battalion—four companies commanded by intelligent officers who could gauge the opinions of their men at two thousand yards and govern themselves accordingly. The battalion was immensely interested in the new Major. It thought it ought to develop views about him. It thought it was its blankety-blank business to find out immediately if it liked him personally. In the company streets the talk was nothing else. Among the non-commissioned officers there were eleven old soldiers of the Regular Army, and they knew—and cared—

that Gates had held a commission in the "Sixteenth Cavalry"—as *Harper's Weekly* says. Over this fact they rejoiced and were glad, and they stood by to jump lively when he took command. He would know his work and he would know *their* work, and then in battle there would be killed only what men were absolutely necessary and the sick-list would be comparatively free of fools.

The commander of the 2nd Battalion had been called by an Atlanta paper, "Major Rickets C. Carmony, the commander of the 2nd Battalion of the 307th —, is when at home one of the biggest wholesale hardware-dealers in his State. Last evening he had ice-cream, at his own expense, served out at the regular mess of the battalion, and after dinner the men gathered about his tent, where three hearty cheers for the popular Major were given." Carmony had bought twelve copies of this newspaper and mailed them home to his friends.

In Gates's battalion there were more kicks than ice-cream, and there was no ice-cream at all. Indignation ran high at the rapid manner in which he proceeded to make soldiers of them. Some of his officers hinted finally that the men wouldn't stand it. They were saying that they had enlisted to fight for their country—yes, but they weren't going to be bullied day in and day out by a perfect stranger. They were patriots, they were, and just as good men as ever stepped—just as good as Gates or anybody like him. But gradually, despite itself, the battalion progressed. The men were not altogether conscious of it. They evolved rather blindly. Presently there were fights with Carmony's crowd as to which was the better battalion at drills, and at last there was no argument. It was generally admitted that Gates commanded the crack battalion. The men, believing that the beginning and the end of all soldiering was in these drills of precision, were somewhat reconciled to their Major when they began to understand more of what he was trying to do for them; but they were still fiery untamed patriots of lofty pride, and they resented his manner toward them. It was abrupt and sharp.

The time came when everybody knew that the Fifth Army Corps was the corps designated for the first active service in Cuba. The officers and men of the 307th observed with despair that their regiment was not in the Fifth Army Corps. The Colonel was a strategist. He understood everything in a flash. Without a moment's hesitation he obtained leave, and mounted the night express for Washington. There he drove Senators and Congressmen in span, tandem, and four-in-hand. With the telegraph he stirred so deeply the Governor, the people, and the newspapers of his State that whenever on a quiet night the President put his head out of the White House he could hear the distant vast commonwealth humming with indignation. And as it is well known that the Chief Executive listens to the voice of the people, the 307th was transferred to the Fifth Army Corps. It was sent at once to Tampa, where it was brigaded with two dusty regiments of Regulars, who looked at it calmly and said nothing. The brigade commander happened to be no less a person than Gates's old

Colonel in the "Sixteenth Cavalry"—as *Harper's Weekly* says—and Gates was cheered. The old man's rather solemn look brightened when he saw Gates in the 307th. There was a great deal of battering and pounding and banging for the 307th at Tampa, but the men stood it more in wonder than in anger. The two Regular regiments carried them along when they could, and when they couldn't waited impatiently for them to come up. Undoubtedly the Regulars wished the Volunteers were in garrison at Sitka, but they said practically nothing. They minded their own regiments. The Colonel was an invaluable man in a telegraph-office. When came the scramble for transports the Colonel retired to a telegraph-office and talked so ably to Washington that the authorities pushed a number of corps aside and made way for the 307th, as if on it depended everything. The regiment got one of the best transports, and after a series of delays and some starts, and an equal number of returns, they finally sailed for Cuba.

II.

Now, Gates had a singular adventure on the second morning after his arrival at Atlanta to take his post as a Major in the 307th.

He was in his tent, writing, when suddenly the flap was flung away and a tall young private stepped inside.

"Well, Maje," said the newcomer genially, "how goes it?"

The Major's head flashed up, but he spoke without heat.

"Come to attention and salute."

"Ink?" said the private.

"Come to attention and salute."

The private looked at him in resentful amazement, and then inquired—

"Ye ain't mad, are ye? Ain't nothin' to get buffy about, is there?"

"I— Come to attention and salute."

"Well," drawled the private, as he stared, "seem' as ye are so darned perticular, I don't care if I do—if it'll make yer meals set on yer stomach any better."

Drawing a long breath and grinning ironically, he lazily pulled his heels together and saluted with a flourish.

"There," he said, with a return to his earlier genial manner. "How's that suit ye, Maje?"

There was a silence which to an impartial observer would have seemed pregnant with dynamite and bloody death. Then the Major cleared his throat and coldly said—

"And now, what is your business?"

"Who—me?" asked the private. "Oh, I just sorter dropped in." With a deeper meaning he added: "Sorter dropped in in a friendly way, thinkin' ye was mebbe a different kind of a feller from what ye be."

The inference was clearly marked.

It was now Gates's turn to stare, and stare he unfeignedly did.

"Go back to your quarters," he said at length.

The Volunteer became very angry.

"Oh, ye needn't be so up-in-th'-air, need ye? Don't know's I'm dead anxious to inflict my company on yer

since I've had a good look at ye. There may be men in this here battalion what's had just as much edjucation as you have, and I'm darned if they ain't got better *manners*. Good mornin'!" he said, with dignity; and, passing out of the tent, he flung the flap back in place with an air of slamming it as if it had been a door. He made his way back to his company street, striding high. He was furious. He met a large crowd of his comrades.

"What's the matter, Lige?" asked one, who noted his temper.

"Oh, nothin'," answered Lige, with terrible feeling. "Nothin'. I jest been lookin' over the new Major—that's all."

"What's he like?" asked another.

"Like?" cried Lige. "He's like nothin'. He ain't out'n the same kittle as us. No. Gawd made him all by himself—seprate. He's a speshul produc', he is, an' he won't have no truck with jest common—*men*, like you be."

He made a venomous gesture which included them all.

"Did he set on ye?" asked a soldier.

"Set on me? No," replied Lige, with contempt. "I set on *him*. I sized 'im up in a minute. 'Oh, I don't know,' I says, as I was comin' out; 'guess you ain't the only man in the world,' I says."

For a time Lige Wigram was quite a hero. He endlessly repeated the tale of his adventure, and men admired him for so soon taking the conceit out of the new officer. Lige was proud to think of himself as a plain and simple patriot who had refused to endure any high-soaring nonsense.

But he came to believe that he had not disturbed the singular composure of the Major, and this concreted his hatred. He hated Gates—not as a soldier sometimes hates an officer, a hatred half of fear; Lige hated as man to man. And he was enraged to see that, so far from gaining any hatred in return, he seemed incapable of making Gates have any thought of him save as a unit in a body of three hundred men. Lige might just as well have gone and grimaced at the obelisk in Central Park.

When the battalion became the best in the regiment he had no part in the pride of the companies. He was sorry when men began to speak well of Gates. He was really a very consistent hater.

III.

The transport occupied by the 307th was commanded by some sort of a Scandinavian, who was afraid of the shadows of his own topmasts. He would have run his steamer away from a floating Gainsborough hat, and, in fact, he ran her away from less on some occasions. The officers, wishing to arrive with the other transports, sometimes remonstrated, and to them he talked of his owners. Every officer in the conveying war-ships loathed him, for in case any hostile vessel should appear they did not see how they were going to protect this rabbit, who would probably manage during a fight to be in about a hundred places on the broad, broad sea, and all of them offensive to the navy's plan. When he was not talking of his owners he was remarking to the officers of the regiment that a steamer really was not like a valise, and that he was unable to take his ship under his arm and climb trees with it. He further said that "them naval fellows" were not near so smart as they thought they were.

From an indigo sea arose the lonely shore of Cuba. Ultimately, the fleet was near Santiago, and most of the transports were bidden to wait a minute while the leaders found out their minds. The skipper to whom the 307th were prisoners waited for thirty hours half-way between Jamaica and Cuba. He explained that the Spanish fleet might emerge from Santiago Harbour at any time, and he did not propose to be caught. His owners—Whereupon the Colonel arose as one having nine hundred men at his back, and he passed up to the bridge and he spake with the captain. He explained indirectly that each individual of his nine hundred men had decided to be the first American soldier to land for this campaign, and that in order to accomplish the marvel it was necessary for the transport to be nearer than forty-five miles from the Cuban coast. If the skipper would only land the regiment the Colonel would consent to his then taking his interesting old ship and going to h— with it. And the skipper spake with the Colonel. He pointed out that as far as he

officially was concerned, the United States Government did not exist. He was responsible solely to his owners. The Colonel pondered these sayings. He perceived that the skipper meant that he was running his ship as he deemed best, in consideration of the capital invested by his owners, and that he was not at all concerned with the feelings of a certain American military expedition to Cuba. He was a free son of the sea—he was a sovereign citizen of the republic of the waves. He was like Lige.

However, the skipper ultimately incurred the danger of taking his ship under the terrible guns of the *New York, Iowa, Oregon, Massachusetts, Indiana, Brooklyn, Texas*, and a score of cruisers and gun-boats. It was a brave act for the captain of a United States transport, and he was visibly nervous until he could again get to sea, where he offered praises that the accursed 307th was no longer sitting on his head. For almost a week he rambled at his cheerful will over the adjacent high seas, having in his hold a great quantity of military stores as successfully secreted as if they had been buried in a copper box in the corner-stone of a new public building in Boston. He had had his

and grass. The whole business so far struck them as being a highly tedious burlesque.

After a time they came to where the camps of Regular regiments marked the sides of the road—little villages of tents no higher than a man's waist. The Colonel found his brigade commander, and the 307th was sent off into a field of long grass, where the men grew suddenly solemn with the importance of getting their supper.

In the early evening some Regulars told one of Gates's companies that at daybreak this division would move to an attack upon something.

"How d' you know?" said the company, deeply awed.

"Heard it."

"Well, what are we to attack?"

"Dunno."

The 307th was not at all afraid, but each man began to imagine the morrow. The Regulars seemed to have as much interest in the morrow as they did in the last Christmas. It was none of their affair, apparently.

"Look here," said Lige Wigram to a man in the 17th Regular Infantry, "whereabouts are we goin' ter-morrow, an' who do we run up against—do ye know?"

The 17th soldier replied truculently, "If I catch th' ——— what stole my terbaccer, I'll whirl in an' break every ——— bone in his body."

Gates's friends in the Regular regiments asked him numerous questions as to the reliability of his organisation. Would the 307th stand the racket? They were certainly not contemptuous; they simply did not seem to consider it important whether the 307th would or whether it would not.

"Well," said Gates, "they won't run the length of a tent-peg if they can gain any idea of what they're fighting; they won't bunch if they've about six acres of open ground to move in; they won't get rattled at all if they see you fellows taking it easy; and they'll fight like the devil as long as they thoroughly, completely, absolutely, satisfactorily, exhaustively understand what the business is. They're lawyers. All excepting my battalion."

IV.

Lige awakened into a world obscured by blue fog. Somebody was gently shaking him. "Git up; we're going to move." The regiment was buckling up itself. From the trail came the loud creak of a light battery moving ahead. The tones of all men were low; the faces of the officers were composed, serious. The regiment found itself moving along behind the battery before it had time to ask itself more than a hundred questions. The trail wound through a dense tall jungle, dark, heavy with dew.

The battle broke with a snap—far ahead. Presently Lige heard from the air above him a faint low note, as if somebody were blowing softly in the mouth of a bottle. It was a stray bullet which had wandered a mile to tell him that war was before him. He nearly broke his neck looking upward.

"Did ye hear that?" But the men were fretting to get out of this gloomy jungle. They wanted to see something. The faint rup-rup-rrup-rup on in the front told them that the fight had begun; death was abroad, and so the mystery of this wilderness excited them. This wilderness was portentously still and dark.

They passed the battery aligned on a hill above the trail, and they had not gone far when the gruff guns began to roar, and they could hear the rocket-like swish of the flying shells. Presently everybody must have called out for the assistance of the 307th. Aides and couriers came flying back to them.

"Is this the 307th? Hurry up your men, please, Colonel. You're needed more every minute."

Oh, they were, were they? Then the Regulars were not going to do *all* the fighting? The old 307th was bitterly proud or proudly bitter. They left their blanket-rolls under the guard of God and pushed on, which is one of the reasons why the Cubans of that part of the country were, later, so well equipped. There began to appear fields, hot, golden-green in the sun. On some palm-dotted knolls before them they could see little lines of black dots—the American advance. A few men fell, struck down by other men who, perhaps half a mile away, were aiming at somebody else. The loss was wholly in Carmony's



"Well, Ma'je," said the newcomer genially, "how goes it?"

master's certificate for twenty-one years, and those people couldn't tell a marlin-spike from the starboard side of the ship.

The 307th was landed in Cuba, but to their disgust they found that about ten thousand Regulars were ahead of them. They got immediate orders to move out from the base on the road to Santiago. Gates was interested to note that the only delay was caused by the fact that many men of the other battalions strayed off sight-seeing. In time the long regiment wound slowly among hills that shut them from sight of the sea.

For the men to admire, there were palm-trees, little brown huts, passive, uninterested Cuban soldiers much worn from carrying American rations inside and outside. The weather was not oppressively warm, and the journey was said to be only about seven miles. There were no rumours save that there had been one short fight and the army had advanced to within sight of Santiago. Having a peculiar faculty for the derision of the romantic, the 307th began to laugh. Actually, there was not *anything* in the world which turned out to be as books describe it. Here they had landed from the transport, expecting to be at once flung into line of battle and sent on some kind of furious charge, and now they were trudging along a quiet trail lined with somnolent trees

battalion, which immediately bunched and backed away, coming with a shock against Gates's advance company. This shock sent a tremor through all of Gates's battalion, until men in the very last files cried out nervously, "Well, what in h— is up now?" There came an order to deploy and advance. An occasional hoarse yell from the Regulars could be heard. The deploying made Gates's heart bleed for the Colonel. The old man stood there directing the movement, straight, fearless, sombrely defiant of everything. Carmony's four companies were like four herds. And all the time the bullets from no living man knows where kept pecking at them and pecking at them. Gates, the excellent Gates, the highly educated and strictly military Gates, grew rankly insubordinate. He knew that the regiment was suffering from nothing but the deadly range and oversweep of the modern rifle, of which many proud and confident nations know nothing save that they have killed savages with it, which is the least of all informations.

Gates rushed upon Carmony.

"— it, man, if you can't get your people to deploy, for — s— give me a chance! I'm stuck in the woods!"

Carmony gave nothing, but Gates took all he could get, and his battalion deployed and advanced like men. The old Colonel almost burst into tears, and he cast one quick glance of gratitude at Gates, which the younger officer wore on his heart like a secret decoration.

There was a wild scramble up hill, down dale, through thorny thickets. Death smote them with a kind of slow rhythm, leisurely taking a man now here, now there, but the cat-spit sound of the bullets was always. A large number of the men of Carmony's battalion came on with Gates. They were willing to do anything, anything. They had no real fault, unless it was that early conclusion that any brave high-minded youth was necessarily a good soldier immediately, from the beginning. In them had been born a swift feeling that the unpopular Gates knew everything, and they followed the trained soldier.

If they followed him, he certainly took them into it. As they swung heavily up one steep hill, like so many wind-blown horses, they came suddenly out into the real advance. Little blue groups of men were making frantic rushes forward and then flopping down on their bellies to fire volleys while other groups made rushes. Ahead they could see a heavy house-like fort, which was inadequate to explain from whence came the myriad bullets. The remainder of the scene was landscape. Pale men, yellow men, blue men came out of this landscape, quiet and sad-eyed with wounds. Often they were grimly facetious. There is nothing in the American Regular so amazing as his conduct when he is wounded—his apologetic limp, his deprecatory arm-slung, his embarrassed and ashamed shot-hole through the lungs. The men of the 307th looked at calm creatures who had divers punctures, and they were made better. These men told them that it was only necessary to keep a-going. They of the 307th lay on their bellies, red, sweating, and panting, and heeded the voice of the elder brother.

Gates walked back of his line, very white of face, but hard and stern past anything his men knew of him. After they had violently adjured him to lie down and he had given weak backs a cold, stiff touch, the 307th charged by rushes. The hatless Colonel made frenzied speech, but the man of the time was Gates. The men seemed to feel that this was his business. Some of the Regular officers said afterwards that the advance of the 307th was very respectable indeed. They were rather surprised, they said. At least five of the crack regiments of the Regular Army were in this division, and the 307th could win no more than a feeling of kindly appreciation.

Yes, it was very good, very good indeed; but did you notice what was being done at the same moment by the 12th, the 17th, the 7th, the 8th, the 25th, the—

Gates felt that his charge was being a success. He was carrying out a successful function. Two Captains fell bang on the grass, and a Lieutenant slumped quietly down with a death wound. Many men sprawled suddenly. Gates was keeping his men almost even with the Regulars, who were charging on his flanks. Suddenly he thought

that he must have come close to the fort, and that a Spaniard had tumbled a great stone block down upon his leg. Twelve hands reached out to help him, but he cried—

"No—d— your souls—go on—go on!"

He closed his eyes for a moment, and it really was only for a moment. When he opened them he found himself alone with Lige Wigram, who lay on the ground near him.

"Maje," said Lige, "yer a good man. I've been a-follerin' ye all day, an' I want to say yer a good man."

The Major turned a coldly scornful eye upon the private.

"Where are you wounded? Can you walk? Well, if you can, go to the rear and leave me alone. I'm bleeding to death, and you bother me."

Lige, despite the pain in his wounded shoulder, grew indignant.

"Well," he mumbled, "you and me have been on th' outs fer a long time, an' I only wanted to tell ye that what I seen of ye t'-day has made me feel mighty diff'ent."

"Go to the rear—if you can walk," said the Major.

"Major!" cried Lige. "Major Gates! It won't do for ye to be left here, Sir. Ye'll be killed."

"But you can't help it, lad. You take care of yourself."

"I'm darned if I do," said the private vehemently. "If I can't git you out, I'll stay and wait."

The officer gazed at his man with that same icy, contemptuous gaze.

"I'm—I'm a dead man anyhow. You go to the rear, do you hear?"

"No."

The dying Major drew his revolver, cocked it, and aimed it unsteadily at Lige's head.

"Will you obey orders?"

"No."

"One?"

"No."

"Two?"

"No."

Gates weakly dropped his revolver.

"Go to the devil, then! You're no soldier, but—"
He tried to add something. "But—" He heaved a long moan. "But—you—you—oh, I'm so-o-o tired."



"Oh, I'm so-o-o tired!"

"Now, Maje, look here. A little thing like that—"

"Go to the rear."

Lige gulped with sobs.

"Maje, I know I didn't understand ye at first, but ruther'n let a little thing like that come between us, I'd—"

"Go to the rear."

In this reiteration Lige discovered a resemblance to that first old offensive phrase, "Come to attention and salute." He pondered over the resemblance, and he saw that nothing had changed. The man bleeding to death was the same man to whom he had once paid a friendly visit with unfriendly results. He thought now that he perceived a certain hopeless gulf, a gulf which is real or unreal, according to circumstances. Sometimes all men are equal; occasionally they are not. If Gates had ever criticised Lige's manipulation of a hayfork on the farm at home, Lige would have furiously disclaimed his hate or blame. He saw now that he must not openly approve the Major's conduct in war. The Major's pride was in his business, and his, Lige's, congratulations were beyond all enduring.

The place where they were lying suddenly fell under a new heavy rain of bullets. They sputtered about the men, making the noise of large grasshoppers.

After the battle, three correspondents happened to meet on the trail. They were hot, dusty, weary, hungry, and thirsty, and they repaired to the shade of a mango-tree and sprawled luxuriously. Among them they mustered two-score friends who on that day had gone to the far shore of the hereafter, but their senses were no longer resonant. Shackles was babbling plaintively about mint-juleps, and the others were bidding him to have done.

"By the way," said one at last, "it's too bad about poor old Gates, of the 307th. He bled to death. His men were crazy. They were blubbering and cursing around there like wild people. It seems that when they got back there to look for him, they found him just about gone, and another wounded man was trying to stop the flow with his hat—his hat, mind you! Poor old Gatesie!"

"Oh no, Shackles!" said the third man of the party. "Oh, no; you're wrong. The best mint-juleps in the world are made right in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. That Kentucky idea is only a tradition."

A wounded man approached them. He had been shot through the shoulder and his shirt had been diagonally cut away, leaving much bare skin. Over the bullet's point of entry there was a kind of a white spider, shaped from pieces of adhesive plaster. Over the point of departure there was a bloody bulb of cotton strapped to the flesh by other pieces of adhesive plaster. His eyes were dreamy, wistful, sad. "Say, gents, have any of ye got a bottle?" he asked.

A correspondent raised himself suddenly and looked with bright eyes at the soldier.

"Well, you have got a nerve!" he said, grinning. "Have we got a bottle, eh? Who in h— do you think we are? If we had a bottle of good liquor, do you

suppose we could let the whole army drink out of it? You have too much faith in the generosity of men, my friend!"

The soldier stared, ox-like, and finally said: "Huh?"

"I say," continued the correspondent, somewhat more loudly, "that if we had had a bottle we would have probably finished it ourselves by this time."

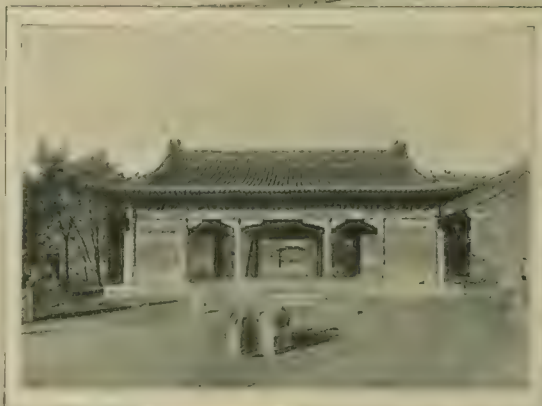
"But," said the other, dazed, "I meant an empty bottle. I didn't mean no full bottle."

The correspondent was humorously irascible.

"An empty bottle! You must be crazy! Who ever heard of a man looking for an empty bottle? It isn't sense! I've seen a million men looking for full bottles, but you're the first man I ever saw who insisted on the bottle's being empty. What in the world do you want it for?"

"Well, ye see, mister," explained Lige slowly, "our Major he was killed this mornin', an' we're just goin' to bury him, an' I thought I'd jest take a look 'round an' see if I couldn't borry an' empty bottle, an' then I'd take an' write his name an' reg'ment on a paper an' put it in th' bottle an' bury it with him, so's when they come fer to dig him sometime an' take him home, there sure wouldn't be no mistake."

"Oh!"



THE BRITISH LEGATION.
From "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." (London: Fisher Unwin.)
THE RAILWAY STATION.

OUTSIDE THE BRITISH LEGATION.

THE CHIEN MEN, ONE OF THE MAIN GATES OF THE CITY.

SCENES IN PEKING.

Three Photographs by D. H. Mackintosh.

TIENTSIN



OUTSIDE THE YAMEN OF THE Viceroy of CHIH-LI.

THE RIVER PEI-HO, FROZEN FROM THE MIDDLE OF DECEMBER TO THE MIDDLE OF MARCH.

ENTRANCE TO THE Viceroy of CHIH-LI'S YAMEN.

THE BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE PEI-HO LEADING TO THE RAILWAY NOW TORN UP BY THE BOXERS.

BOBSCAID OF THE VICEROY OF CHIH-LI MARCHING DOWN VICTORIA ROAD, TIENTSIN.

Photographs by D. H. Mackintosh.



THE OCCUPATION OF KROONSTAD: LORD ROBERTS AND HIS COLONIAL BODYGUARD.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The arrival of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway was the most important of events in Paris last week. His is the first state visit of the reigning sovereigns of Europe to the Exhibition, for the Queen of Saxony came wholly incognito. The welcome accorded to his Majesty would, under any circumstances, have been cordial, for he is an exemplary ruler and a most enlightened and charming man; and occasionally—*i.e.*, when it suits their book, the French Republicans will tacitly acknowledge the worth of a monarch, provided he will exercise his kingship anywhere beyond the frontiers of their territory. As it was, the welcome was practically enthusiastic, for Oscar Bernadotte, as he took care to remind his guests, is a grandson of France. Nations and their governors, whether they be called Kings, Emperors or Presidents, must not be burdened with too retentive memories, or somebody more exulting than the rest might have reminded the grandson of Jean Bernadotte that his grandfathers virtually forgot the fact of his being a son of France when in 1812 and in 1814 he joined the coalitions against his great benefactor, the First Napoleon.

The Republicans may wish to preserve the subtle distinction between the Napoleonic dynasty and their country which the two Bonapartes raised to a degree of grandeur unparalleled, at any rate, in the history of France, although the periods of grandeur terminated in two terrible cataclysms. As hosts they, the Republicans, were undoubtedly correct in thus forgetting; it would have been churlish on their parts to do otherwise. I, not being a Frenchman, and claiming to deal not only with events but also with comments, am at liberty to draw attention to these facts, while at the same time professing the profoundest admiration for King Oscar himself. Both he and his elder brother, his immediate predecessor, were grief-stricken at France's reverses in 1870. The feeling was not political; it was purely "l'amour sacré de la patrie des ancêtres" and "l'amour sans phrases."

It is curious to reflect that this same worthy monarch and most charming of men might, but for the merest accident, have occupied the position of a pretender to the throne of France, and, like Prince Victor Bonaparte and the Duc d'Orléans, have been rigorously banished from that magnificent capital the hospitality of which he now so deservedly enjoys. King Oscar's grandmother, that sweet Aimée Clary, was within an ace of being the wife of young General Bonaparte. The reader may work out the rest of the problem for himself; and allow me to pass on to the royal visitor to Paris who preceded the King of Sweden and Norway—namely, the Queen of Saxony. There would have been no decree of exclusion against her, any more than there is against the Comtesse de Paris, the young Duchesse d'Orléans, and the Empress Eugénie. But for a slight *contretemps*, the present Queen of Saxony would have been ex-Empress of France, or perhaps the Dowager Empress of France; for it is by no means certain that with another consort by his side Napoleon III. would not have reigned to the end of his life, and in all probability his son would have succeeded him, instead of perishing miserably in a war with which he had no concern.

The Queen of Saxony is the granddaughter of Gustavus IV., otherwise of Gustavus Vasa, whose ancestors reigned in Sweden for nearly three centuries, and who was deprived of his throne by the advent of Bernadotte, elected by Charles XIII. with the consent of his subjects, as his successor. Gustavus IV. led a wandering life in Germany and Switzerland without making an attempt to regain his own. He lived upon the pension of 100,000 riksdalers allotted to him by the Swedes. His son took the title of Prince of Vasa, and at each new accession made a platonic protestation. He became a Field Marshal in the service of Austria, and his only daughter, Princess Caroline, married the Prince Royal of Saxony (the present King) in 1803. Eleven years before that, however, her hand was asked in marriage by the Prince-President Louis Napoleon. He was at that period still the Prince-President, but the European Powers clearly foresaw whither he was tending—not a difficult thing after the Coup d'Etat. The European Powers had no confidence whatever in his future, and disavowed the union.

The other event in Paris, perhaps also somewhat curious from an anecdotal-historical point of view, was the opening of the Canadian section of the Exhibition, on which occasion Mr. Tarte, the Commissioner-General for the Dominion, made a clever speech, one passage of which conveyed a little lesson to the French. The words had reference to the fertility of the French on Canadian soil and under the government of Queen Victoria, and the reverse condition of the French in the mother-country. Mr. Tarte did his spiriting very gently; but he might have saved his breath to cool his porridge. Primogeniture was abolished during the First Revolution. Primogeniture has unquestionably been a factor in the extension of England's Colonial Empire. The younger son, if not too well endowed, marks out a career for himself. In France all the children share alike, or nearly alike, and what would be considered a mere pittance by the free-handed and often extravagant Englishman, and what, in fact, would be a pittance by the generally large number of his brothers and sisters, becomes a comfortable competence in the French case, where numerous children are rare—indeed, very rare. The observant French have long ago discovered that this is one of the great secrets of England's colonial prosperity, but although they have shouted their discovery from the house-tops, the frugal Frenchman remains practically deaf to it. He shrugs his shoulders at Zola's latest work, and the shrugging of his shoulders is an enormous relief to the ordinary Gaul when he wishes to express his dissent from this or that theory. The upward movement of the shoulder-blades is to him what a good round oath is to an Englishman. There lies the difference between the two: the oath is objectionable, but efficacious as an expression of energy; the shrug of the shoulders is plastically eloquent, but it is the eloquence of selfishness—of unpatriotic selfishness.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H. T. B. (Dorset).—The notice must be so short that we fear to overload it with detail. All we want is a brief statement of his chess career, accompanied by one of his best problems.

J. M. DUBREUX (Bristol).—We will let you know which we prefer in an early issue.

REV. R. B.—We are much obliged for your kindness. We are afraid we must think your literature better than your chess, for we dare not publish a two-mover the solution of which commences with a check.

R. T. OSWALD (Southend).—(1) Most of them appeared in "American Chess News" (2) We do not know where you can get a copy.

MARTIN F. (Glasgow).—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and hope to receive your solutions as of old.

M. F. (Highgate).—There must be some mistake. We will try to find out the correct position.

LEIGH SEATON.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2915 received from Fred Long (San Francisco, Cal.); of No. 2921 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of Nos. 2922 and 2923 from J. L. Mullack (Calcutta); of No. 2925 from Emile Frau (Lyons); George Devey Farmer, M.D. (Auster, Ontario), and W. Hoyer (Norway); of No. 2926 from J. Mulworthy (Holk), W. Hoyer (Norway), and Emile Frau; of No. 2927 from J. Bailey (Newark), Hereward, C. M. A. B. J. Mulworthy, Albert Wolf (Bath), Emile Frau (Lyons), F. J. Cundy (Norwood), G. Swidenbank (Hornsey), Hermit, William Clugston (Belfast), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), J. F. Moon, Miss D. Grogan, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), and D. H. E. Chan.

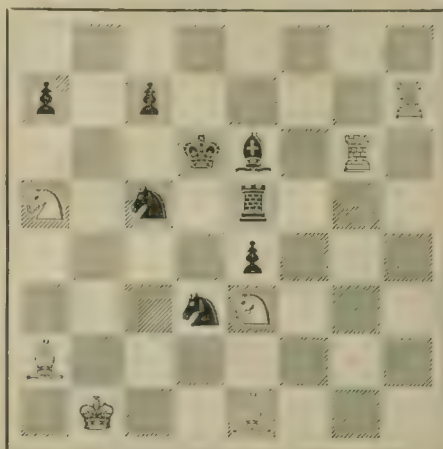
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2928 received from W. A. Lillop (Edinburgh), G. Billington Johnson (Colham), F. Harrison (Liverpool), Charles Burnett, Rupert Rogers (Stratford), Soriento, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Martin F. R. S. Brandreth, F. B. (Worthing), Edith Corser (Reading), J. Mulworthy (Holk), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Clement C. Danby, and T. Roberts.

SECTION OF PROBLEM No. 2927.—By G. J. HINES.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt 8th. Any move.
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2930.—By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. MARSHALL and LASKER.
(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.).	BLACK (Mr. L.).	WHITE (Mr. M.).	BLACK (Mr. L.).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. R to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	18. P to B 3rd	B to B 7th
3. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to K 3rd	19. K to Q 2nd	Kt takes R P
4. B to Kt 5th	P to Q B 3rd	20. K takes B	Kt takes B
5. P to K 4th	P to Q B 3rd	21. Kt to Q 3rd	K to Q 4th
According to theory, the player who in the opening does play P to K 4th has the better game.			
6. Kt takes P	P takes K P	22. P takes Kt	P takes P
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 4th (ch)	23. Kt to B 4th	P to Kt 3rd
8. P to Q 3rd	B takes Kt (ch)	24. B to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
9. P takes B	P to R 4th	25. Kt to R 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd
10. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th	26. Kt to B 3rd	K R to Q B sq
11. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th	27. K to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
It is clear that White saw the weak points of this attempt to gain a Pawn upon which all the game really turned.			
12. P takes P	Kt takes Q	28. K to Kt 2nd	R to B 4th
13. B takes Q	Kt takes Q	29. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
14. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 7th	30. Kt to R 4th	R to B 3rd
The play is enclosed, and won only with great difficulty.			
15. P to B 6th	B to Q 2nd	31. R to B sq	Q R to Q Kt sq
16. Kt to K 5th	B takes P	32. R to Q B sq	Kt to K 4th
It is instructive to show in detail the masterly play on both sides in this closely contested ending.			
		33. B to K 7th	P to K 4th
		34. R to R 6th	K to Q 4th
		35. R to B 2nd	R to Kt 2nd
		36. R to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
		37. K to Q 5th	Kt to K 5th
		38. K to K 5th	R to K 4th
		39. Kt to Kt 2nd	R to Q B 2nd
		40. Kt to Kt 2nd	K to B 4th
		41. R to K 7th	K to B 4th
		42. Kt to Kt 2nd	K to B 4th
		43. Kt to Kt 2nd	K to B 4th
		44. R takes P	

Black struggled on for a long time, but the game was lost.

The interest in the Paris Chess Tournament was pronounced, partly because people's thoughts have been otherwise engaged. The contest itself is now reaching its culminating-point, and by the time this paragraph appears will probably be concluded. The present indications point to a severe struggle between Messrs. Lasker and Pillsbury for first place, followed at a respectable distance by Messrs. Janowski and Marshall.

The Orient Company announce that the cruise to Norway, Spitzbergen, and Iceland, which gave great satisfaction last year, will be repeated this summer. Their steamship *Casco*, 3912 tons register, is appointed to leave London on July 3 and to arrive back on Aug. 4. After visiting some of the most interesting Norwegian fjords, the *Casco* will proceed to Spitzbergen, thus affording an excellent opportunity of viewing the midnight sun.

Special facilities for visiting the Paris Exhibition have been arranged by the Brighton Railway Company from Victoria and London Bridge, via Newhaven and Dieppe, the shortest and cheapest route, by 21-knot twin-screws. The magnificent new steamer *Arundel*, built by Messrs. Denny, of Dumbarton, is expected to join the service during June. The Western of France Company have arranged to run trains from the new Dieppe station into the Exhibition, so that visitors wishing to go there direct will be saved the trouble and expense of crossing Paris. Cheap excursions by this route are run every Friday and Saturday from the northern and midland counties, as well as from London and the south coast.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

What may be termed the mystic side of mind-science has of late years been industriously cultivated by a few observers and investigators on this side of the Atlantic, but far more assiduously, if we may judge from reported results, on the American side of that ocean. I do not know if many of my readers are given to the perusal of *Harper's Magazine*, but it is, of course, certain that a fair proportion are familiar with that periodical. Of late days the magazine in question has given up a portion of its pages to the exposition of the mystical aspect of psychology, and there are two articles, by Dr. James H. Hyslop, appearing in the April and June numbers respectively, which are deserving of the attention of all who are in any way interested in the modern development of the occult.

Of the incidents in the first of these articles relative to apparitions so called I will say nothing. That topic lends itself to fairly easy scientific explanations, involving no drafts either on the imagination or superstition of the reader. The main interest of the articles centres round the history of a certain Mrs. Piper, who, if Dr. Hyslop and his confidants are to be credited, constitutes a link in herself between this world and what I suppose they are pleased to call the next.

It seems this lady was "discovered" by Professor James, of Harvard University, in 1885. His wife's mother (Mrs. Gibbens), having paid Mrs. Piper a visit, returned with the statement that the medium had told her a great many facts regarding the Christian names of members of Mrs. Gibbens's family, and concerning their relations to one another—facts, these, of which Mrs. Piper being herself presumably ignorant, were therefore supposed to be elicited by aid of supernatural powers possessed by that lady. A letter written in Italian was held to Mrs. Piper's forehead, and she "accurately" described the circumstances of the writer, who was known only to two persons in America. Mrs. Piper soon began to acquire fame. She was even transported to England, watched by detectives to ascertain if she had any communication with people likely to afford her information regarding her "clients"; and her boxes were searched to see if she had "any of the usual apparatus for collecting information." These last are Dr. Hyslop's words. To what "apparatus" he alludes I do not know. All Mrs. Piper's letters were read and examined by the people with whom she was staying, and she was bound under a contract to sit as a "medium" for the members of the Society for Psychical Research.

For details of what Mrs. Piper told the members of that society, I refer my readers to the article itself. What I am concerned with here is the *rationale* of the proceedings in which this lady takes part. I think it is a pity Dr. Hyslop does not afford us a glimpse into the history of Mrs. Piper. She is a public character evidently, and if she is possessed of supernatural powers, as is so freely asserted, we have a tacit right to know something of her personality. Who is she? What is her early history? When and how did her mediumistic powers begin to be developed, and who discovered them?

Such details we have a right, as we have a desire, to know. All light which can be thrown on Mrs. Piper's personality is required to enable science to judge not only her works but herself. We are told Mrs. Piper is an irresponsible personage. Arrangements for sittings are not made with Mrs. Piper as Mrs. Piper, but with what Dr. Hyslop calls "the trance personalities while she is in the trance." I take this to mean that the appointment is made with the "spirits" (I employ the familiar term) who use Mrs. Piper as the means whereby they communicate with this present world. Mrs. Piper does not know after she comes out of her "trance" what she has written (for she writes the messages she receives), and this knowledge is kept from her till it is published. Her head rests on a pillow on a table, and she writes while she is in an unconscious state. Questions are addressed to her hand, and are recorded in order with the messages received.

What Dr. Hyslop asks us to believe is that these messages originate from "spirits," entities, call them what one will, which represent persons who once lived, and who in their present sphere (wherever that may be) are capable of recalling events and facts regarding their own lives and those of living friends. Such recollections, conveyed to Mrs. Piper (Mrs. Piper's brain is, of course, assumed to be latent during the operations) as a "medium," are transferred to paper by her hand. What the relation is between Mrs. Piper and the "spirits" is, of course, another matter entirely; but the idea impressed on the reader is that the lady is a pure automaton, whose personality is invaded by the spirit, which animates her actions and guides her hand in writing its messages to the world.

It appears that Mrs. Piper's original "control" was "a discarnate spirit" rejoicing in the name of "Dr. Phinuit Schville." This spirit failed to prove his identity. Then a certain George Pellham died in New York, and appeared (through Mrs. Piper) to keep a promise made to Dr. Hodgson that he would identify himself after death, if possible. Dr. Hodgson, satisfied that George Pellham's spirit was using Mrs. Piper as a medium, asked the spirit to hand up Stanton Moses in the spirit land. This is all given seriously, I beg my readers to note. There is no suspicion of any joke on Dr. Hodgson's part. Moses, it appears, was found. He was disappointing, but he produced his old "guides" or "controls" (brother spirits, I presume), who in England had called themselves "Imperator," "Rector," "Doctor," and "Prudens." Poor Dr. Phinuit's spirit was "induced to surrender" Mrs. Piper to them, and now that lady is under the control of "a little band of discarnate spirits or levitating" to reveal a future life to man. I hope to discuss the subject further in my next article.



Photo, Macure, Macdonald, Glasgow.

THE NEW STEAM-SHIP "ZWEENA."

MOROCCO, CANARY ISLANDS, AND MADEIRA LINE OF STEAMERS: THE "ZWEENA."

The latest acquisition to the Morocco, Canary Islands, and Madeira Line of steamers, owned by Messrs. Forwood Brothers and Co., of Liverpool and London, the s.s. *Zweena*, is a striking illustration of the enterprise which steam-ship owners are exhibiting in catering for the travelling public. The leading American liners are, as is well known, palaces of elegance and luxury. The P. and O. boats and Eastern lines leave little or nothing to be desired from the traveller's point of view, while the Castle and Union lines to the Cape bear favourable comparison

with these oak leviathans. The popularity as pleasure and health resorts of the Canaries, Madeira, Azores, and Morocco ports has rendered it imperative that steam-ship owners interested in these waters should bring their passenger accommodation well into line with that afforded by the premier shipping lines of the world. Messrs. Forwood Brothers and Co., who have been so closely identified with the development of English shipping in Liverpool and London, have been amongst the first to recognise this principle. Accordingly the latest addition to their fleet, the s.s. *Zweena*, is at once typical and characteristic of the enterprise of the firm. Built by Messrs. Napier and Miller, Limited, Yoker, her dimensions are 273 ft.

by 37 ft. by 19 ft. 9 in., moulded to main deck, and 1700 horsepower. The vessel is designed to carry seventy-five first class passengers, her speed being about fourteen knots per hour.

The sleeping accommodation is on the main deck amidships. Owing to the width of the ship, these rooms are remarkably large and airy, special attention having been paid to their ventilation, etc. An important feature of the ship is a specially designed promenade-deck for passengers over the saloon. In addition to this there is another promenade the whole length of the ship, clear of obstructions and skilfully protected from the sun by a shade-deck. The dining-saloon, cabin, and decks contain a complete installation of electric light.

COLONEL NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chief A.D.C. to Lord Roberts.



THE HONOURABLE MISSES ROBERTS IN BLOEMFONTEIN: LORD ROBERTS AND HIS DAUGHTERS WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF TROOPS TO JOIN GENERAL POLE-CAREW.

From Photographs by our Special Correspondent, Mr. Owen Scott.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Tommy's Note. By Flora Annie Steel. (London: Heinemann.)
Sandhurst Army. By a British Officer. (London: John Long.)
The Chieftain Stone. By Olive Phillips-Wolley. (London: Smith, Elder.)
The Sword of the King. By Ronald Macdonald. (London: John Murray.)
Ursula. By K. Douglas King. (London: John Lane.)
Debts of Honour. By Maurus Jókai. (London: Jarrold.)
Little Bob. By Gyp. Translated by Alys Hallard. (London: Heinemann.)

"Voices in the Night" is an able and even powerful novel, but it exacts a good deal from the reader's patience. It is long—deperately long. Mrs. Steel has no lack of matter—much of it is very interesting matter—but she labours it with an insistent superfluity of detail that is unappealingly wearisome. There is a mystery about some stolen pearls and a stolen ring. The ring is concealed for a while in the tail of a kite—not the bird of that name, but a toy kite, one of the principal characters being a maker of kites, which he flies in idle moments for the amusement of a deposed and poverty-stricken Nawab and his rag-and-bobtail of a court. Novel-readers with plenty of leisure may plod through the mystery, but the reader who appreciates Mrs. Steel at her best will skip most of it. He will be tempted to skip long passages about the native women of the Indian town in which the scene of the story is laid; but he must resist the temptation, for Mrs. Steel knows the domestic life of the native women well—far better than Mr. Kipling—and her studies of it must not be missed by anyone who wants to understand Indian manners and the Indian point of view. The chief success of the book is Chris Davenant, otherwise Krishn Davenant, the native official educated in London, where he had the misfortune to espouse "a vulgar girl of good taste," whom he met in an omnibus or a boarding-house. He has lost caste, and cut himself off from his own people, except the native debating society of Nushapore, composed of young men who think that India can be governed by the facility of eloquence which, for the native who has sojourned in London, is the chief boon of an English education. The transactions of the "Society for Promoting the Good of the People" are very good reading; but, together with the flirtations of his wife, they have the effect of making Chris Davenant question the propriety of his Western culture. In a delicious mood he is half persuaded to return to the faith and practice of his fathers, and even to become a Brahmin saint. He throws off his evening dress, drapes himself in his wife's shawl, and asks charity at his own mother's door, as if he were a holy mendicant of irreproachable caste. He recovers his Western balance (and the dress trousers) with the aid of a strange, shiftless, humorous vagabond, who speaks a dialect half Cockney and half made up of shreds and patches of ancient and modern minstrelsy—a creation in the manner of Mr. Kipling, and yet independent of him. Equally good is the description of Nushapore in the alarms of the plague. But it must be confessed that the pictures are drawn throughout with a heavy hand. Perhaps Mrs. Steel's seriousness of purpose has affected her style.

At a time when all matters military bulk so large in the public eye, "Social Life in the British Army" should receive the welcome its accuracy deserves. Some of these papers were originally published in an American magazine for the instruction of our cousins across the water; but the information they contain is distinctly wanted on this side to illumine the darkness which lady novelists have done so little to dispel. There is no barrier between class and

restraint. He pictures the everyday life of an officers' mess and of Tommy's barrack-room, and does it so well that young men bound for Sandhurst or "through the Militia" will be able to form a truthful and vivid idea of barrack life. The author is very frank on some questions rather delicate to handle; he is in doubt whether raising the British officer's pay, and thereby making him independent of the paternal purse, would be a step productive of unqualified benefit to the Army. He points out, and truly, that higher pay, opening wider the doors and admitting men of a lower social stamp, would elevate neither the tone nor the standard of discipline in the service. Tommy Atkins is as good a judge of blood and breeding as the native of India, and has in a man whose social superiority he recognises a faith which is not always inspired by another. The author deals at some length with the grievances of the Army doctor, who, it is to be feared, has reaped little of the advantage he hoped from the royal dignity conferred upon his corps and the bestowal of the combatant titles he craved. The system is at fault, not the medico himself; but for the key to these mysteries the reader may be confidently and cordially recommended to the entertaining pages of "A British Officer," who prefers to remain anonymous, though we are tempted to make a guess at his identity.

There are books of adventure and books of adventure, but "The Chicamon Stone" is among those that should be read. Here we have a really fine description of the adventures of a young Englishman and an Indian boy in their search for a certain reef, apparently in the Klondike regions. There is not a dull page in the whole volume, and it is not over-long. The almost insuperable barriers of cold and mountain and flood with which Nature has beset the way to her Northern treasure-house are most graphically described; the superstitions which are still rife among the aborigines give point and colour to the narrative, and the tribal wars and customs furnish incident in plenty. The rivalries and heart-burnings of the opposing bands of gold-seekers in their search after the treasure are, one feels intuitively, true to life; and the shifts to which Bill and Luke and Tabooch (the witch-finder) are compelled to resort in their vain endeavour to outwit Whitehead and Siyah Joe are contemptible enough. Many of the situations are dramatic: the race of the rival parties across the rapidly melting ice, the engulfment of the one band in the black waters, and the almost miraculous reappearance of the villain who led them at the last goal—the ridge from which the original Chicamon stone was taken—could not easily be improved upon. There are no women in this story, save only a few Indian squaws, who are barely mentioned. Women, indeed, would have been very much in the way, and the author has shown his good sense by leaving them at home. Still, to write an interesting and readable book without their aid is a feat in itself, and one which has, in the present instance, been successfully accomplished.

The worst of the historical romance is that one never knows just how much to believe. Mr. Zangwill, who contends that fiction is the only truth, would probably say, "Very little." For ourselves, we confess that we took up "The Sword of the King" with a fellow feeling for Mr. Barrie's small boy, who requested his guardian, when choosing his birthday present, to avoid certain authors because they were "so beastly informative." In the present instance, however, information is scarcely carried to the point of giving pain, and if there are, here and there, a good many dull and superfluous pages, the skilled reader can always do a little judicious "skipping." But in the latter part of the book he will have no desire to skip: history is servant, and not master, now, and is subservient to the absorbing human element. The story turns upon a sword which William of Orange presents to a young man who has opportunely saved his life, together with a promise that he will at some future date bestow upon him any favour which it may be in his power to grant in return for that same sword. The young man, however, turns out to be a young lady, and it is not long before she comes to claim the redemption of this promise on behalf of her lover, unjustly fallen into disgrace. Of the Prince's niggardly conduct in the matter, of the breaking of the sword, and of the final unravelling of the mystery that shrouded the conduct of Ned Royston, it is not our purpose to say more. Let it suffice that the incident is very prettily handled, and that the end is peace. Apparently, "The Sword of the King" is a maiden effort of one who carries on an interesting literary tradition, and judged as such, it is well above the average.

A new novel by the author of "The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's" is always worthy of respectful attention. And "Ursula" is an exceedingly good romance, although of a somewhat conventional type. Here we have no study of character leading to inevitable issues. The interest of the story depends upon the invention of incident and situation rather than on character. But within the limits she has set herself, Miss King's pen moves with delightful fascination. The story never falters; there are no dreary wastes of description to weary the reader; the narrative moves from beginning to end. Thus, although the surroundings are of the familiar Russian type, which is getting rather hackneyed, one is always keenly interested. And Miss King, by placing the three of her characters who are English in the midst of a typical Russian society, give a welcome freshness to material which has become somewhat stale in the hands of English imitators of Gogol, Turgenyev, and Tolstoy. The English reader has a national—almost personal—anxiety in following the fortunes of his countryfolk when they are threatened by the machinations of the sinister Karasoff. The impression is deepened because Miss King's Russians are no mere lay figures; they are either well observed or well imagined; hence you feel you are in a real world. The plot and the writing, then, are both good. But it is a pity that Miss King's fine abilities should be wasted on what, after all, is little better than a novel of adventure. She could give us fiction based on a thoughtful observation of life, and that is the only kind that survives unless a writer be a Dumas or a Scott. The "material" romances of others die with the season that produces them.

"Debts of Honour," like other novels of Jókai, fails to impress the reader in its first twenty pages. The great Hungarian writer has a habit of neglecting the action of his story at the outset. He devotes himself entirely to preparing the peculiar Hungarian "atmosphere" of his novel. This he does by the employment of mysterious paragraphs, which tell you how "the wind



MAURUS JÓKAI AND HIS WIFE.

From "Debts of Honour." By permission of Messrs. Jarrold.

howled round the lonely castle," or "how the baying of wolves was heard amid the gathering gloom." Impressive as this may be, it is apt to bore the English reader, who wants to skip the preamble and come to the real story. This feeling of bewilderment and weariness is, no doubt, partly due to the Englishman's unfamiliarity with the Hungarian method; he is not accustomed to that kind of opening. It might be all right if one could read Hungarian; but in English it is apt to pall. Among other things it often sounds grotesque in English, as when, in the present book, Desiderius says, "When, after eating, she wiped her lips with her napkin, it was as if spirits were exchanging kisses with the mist." The comparison of spirits to a crumby mouth and of a mist to a table-napkin does not impress the English reader quite in the manner that the Hungarian novelist intended. But these are things of the surface, and, as we have said, chiefly to be noticed in the opening pages. When Jókai once gets his story set going, he sweeps it onward with magnificent movement. He gives you the same sense of prolific exuberance that you have in reading the great masters. He is worthy to be ranked with them. You feel about these great historical novelists that what they write is only a tithe of what they could write. They are not of those who "write themselves out"; their minds never run dry. They have no need to go in search of incidents and characters; myriads of incidents and characters come to them, eager to be put upon the page. This exuberance of creation is especially remarkable in the latter half of this novel. It is full of dramatic incident, so vividly presented that you see it with your eyes. And the differentiation of character is excellent. Desiderius, Ozpra, Fanny, and the others are not puppets with names attached on a label. Jókai makes you feel the reality of each.

"Gyp" in an English dress is not very much at home; but the translator of "Petit Bob" has not had the task which might stagger anyone who attempted to give us an English Paulette. Bob is a pretty harmless specimen of the *enfant terrible*, and his discussions with his grandpapa, his papa, mamma, and tutor, are moderately amusing. When he is taken to the Chamber of Deputies we do not know why the translator should call this "the House of Parliament," or why the President of the Chamber should figure as the "President of the House of Commons." Such gratuitous blundering might have been corrected by an intelligent proof-reader.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

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"DISPLAYING OLD COLOURS: GUEST NIGHT AT MESS."

From the Picture by R. Caton Woodville in "Social Life in the British Army." By permission of Mr. John Long.

class like the barrack-gates; within is a world revolving on its own axis—the regiment—self-contained and independent of the larger world without; and only one who has been of that regimental world can speak with understanding. The author of this book writes of the fullness of knowledge, and if he shows his readers little of the seamy side of the red coat, we need not take exception to his

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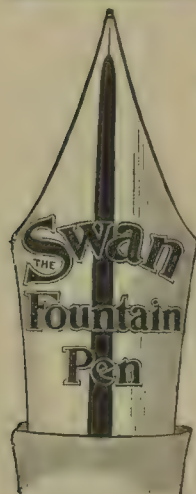
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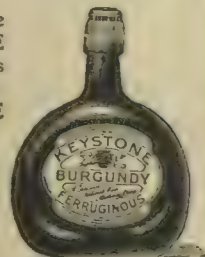
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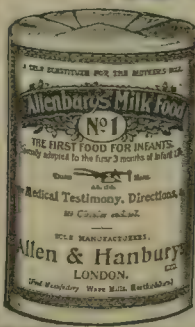
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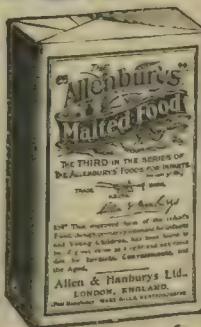
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LADIES' PAGE.

I had an amusing experience the other day. I went to buy new chapeaux for Ascot, in company with an American friend. She is a dear thing, but she made me understand why the West-End shopkeepers have so often told me that they are not very happy when serving Americans! She tried on some forty hats and toques before she was suited. Even then she settled to buy but one. She made the



AN ASCOT GOWN OF STRIPED TAFFETAS AND MUSLIN.

milliners take a bow off another hat and put it on hers, in addition to its previous trimming; and then she made them take off the odd shillings of the guineas—she said she did not understand guineas, it must be pounds! Of course, the milliner was one of the best of the fashionable tradeswomen, and the review was really educational as well as amusing. The hat eventually bought by my friend is one of Virot's models; it is in pale blue crêpe-de-Chine, much pleated, over a turban-shaped wire foundation, with fans at the front of iridescent blue sequin embroidery, and a crown of the same sparkling material; some turquoise ribbon raises it at the left side, and there is a gaura plume to wave above all. One of my purchases is a Parisian hat of pale blue crinoline interwoven with black straw to form a high crown and wide brim; it is tipped up at the left side by a bandeau all bows and platings of pale blue satin ribbon, and is trimmed above with masses of the fashionable flower of the season, the hydrangea, and with black lace and blue satin ribbon intermixed. The other I got is a little toque for the windy days, fitting comfortably close to the hair. The foundation is pale yellow net embroidered with gold thread and sequins; at the exact front are two enormous roses in shades of pink, and above are two fans of the same embroidered net and three fans of white lace wired. There were a great number of Paris models on view that were trimmed with fruit, cherries and grapes especially, though one had tiny peaches and another red currants. The shapes of hats are divided between high but narrow crowns, and crowns so flat as to be hardly existent; with wide brims in both cases.

Perfectly flat trimmings are much used—such as leaves laid against the gauze or chiffon that forms a toque. One such, extremely pretty, was a broad-brimmed and low-crowned white crinoline shape, all over which meandered purple orchids laid down as flatly as possible, three or four of them being left in their natural fullness to stand up as an egret at the left side; the only other trimming was a band of inch-wide purple velvet ribbon that passed round the base of the crown, crossed at the back, and went on as strings to tie at the left side of the face; while under the brim a bandeau of the same velvet slightly tipped the hat over to the right. In another lovely model the shape was made by many flutings of white gauze, which was decorated with large rose-leaves laid flatly over it; the flutings were each edged with the narrowest black velvet ribbon; the black lines edging the white flutings thus rose tier above tier to the top of the structure; the roses themselves, two large crimson blooms, rested on the hair at the left side, under the edge of the toque and close to the face. A soft brown

straw was bound round with mauve velvet, and trimmed with a full rosette of mauve chiffon, and a cluster of those soft and pretty nondescript flowers that are made out of mousseline, shaded from pink to mauve; under the brim at the left came a white ostrich-feather, laid along as though resting on the hair—a very chic finish. Leghorns are the softest and most becoming of all possible versions of the straw plait; they readily bend about into any fanciful shapes to suit the face, and are generally trimmed with becoming simplicity merely by trails of very finely-made deep-coloured roses and black velvet ribbon. Our milliner told us she was selling more of these for Ascot than she was doing of any other sort of hat. The most magnificent specimen of Leghorn that she had, however, was ordered by a pretty young peeress. It was bent up at the right side to show two crimson roses coming close to the face on a black velvet bandeau. On top it was trimmed with two fine white ostrich-plumes that lay towards the face, and with bows of black velvet and a trail of rosebuds and leaves. Tuscan straw is also to the fore again, one smart hat in it being provided with a broad brim of extra width, and so much raised from the hair as to surround the face like a halo, said halo being veiled with white gauze, on which were flatly placed rose-leaves; then a wealth of pink monthly roses trimming the crown came foaming, as it were, over the top of the brim.

There are some lovely capes for Ascot. The very smartest and lightest confections, almost light enough for the Opera, are offered for outdoor use on this smart occasion, if only the weather allows. One is of ecru lace embroidered all over very lightly with mauve iridescent sequins; this falls from a yoke of biscuit-coloured silk, which is thickly worked with heliotrope and gold cord. Another is in palest yellow cloth, with appliques of diamond shape in white lace, each outlined with narrow lines of silver sequins. Voile is the responsible factor in several smart cloaks of that mixed order that can be used as a dust-cloak or as a dressy wrap throughout the day if the wind is too chill to throw off all protection. Plenty of lace, as incrustations or as frills, and accordion-pleated chiffon make a mantle smart enough for this purpose, and yet not too fragile to lay down on a chair in the grand-stand with an easy mind. Velvet ribbon was mentioned above as being placed on many of the lightest of hats, and the same is true of the gowns. The gowns in this, the crowning week of the season, are of foulard, taffetas, voile, muslin, lace, or chiffon; and any one of these is very likely to have as a finish a little bit of velvet ribbon—a line or two laid along here and there, a belting put round the waist (though, possibly, a very narrow one), a bow abruptly fixed on the bodice, all without either rhyme or reason beyond giving the relief of the vivid lights and shades of that beautiful material to a plainer surface. Thus, I saw a heliotrope satin foulard with a white pattern across it, made with an apron-front of lace, down either side of which was a narrow line of orange velvet ribbon; the bolero opened over a vest of pleated chiffon appliqué with lace, and a narrow thread of orange ribbon velvet passed round the top of the collar, and terminated by crossing on the bosom, and hiding itself under the edge of the bolero. A rose-pink voile, with a wide flounce of lace inserted, was trimmed with pale green velvet ribbon in the form of a narrow waist-belt, and of a rosette holding the point of the cross-over bolero up on the left shoulder, under a yoke of lace. Mauve satin-foulard, printed with pale yellow roses and green leaves, was made with a yoke of pleated chiffon above a bolero outlined with narrow black velvet ribbon; the bolero was then overhung by short three-cornered pieces of Venetian point-lace; and similar tiny pointed bits of the same rich lace fell from the waist at each side of the front—not so far round as the hips; while the waist itself was encircled by a line of black velvet ribbon. The skirt was trimmed with an insertion line of similar lace, and above that it was slashed all round, and had black velvet ribbon run in and out through the slashings.

Among the many souvenirs of the war now being offered to the public, a notable example is the statuette



C.I.V. PORTRAIT STATUETTE.

of a private of the City Imperial Volunteers standing at ease in full marching equipment, designed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, her Majesty's silversmiths. Beautifully modelled in bronze, and costing but £5 5s. each, these figures are valuable not merely as souvenirs, but as veritable *objets d'art*. At an extra cost of £2 2s., and if a photograph can be furnished to work from, these bronzes can be made actual portraits of any members of the corps, and this should make them popular mementos of a memorable campaign. Ten per cent. of the proceeds from sales are to be devoted to the Mansion House War Fund, and we understand that they will be followed up by models of the Imperial Yeomanry, the ten per cent. in this case going to the Yeomanry Fund. Both figures have been copyrighted and fully protected, and can only be obtained from Mappin and Webb, Limited, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., or their authorised agents.

White muslin appliqué, or inserted with black lace, has constructed several smart gowns; the combination is a good one, and favoured by refined women. The black lace is of the finest kind, Valenciennes being preferred in some cases, and Chantilly in others. Cherry-colour is another "note" that is much introduced in the gowns of the moment; it brightens up a black dress to perfection, and even if only seen in the form of lining to a bolero and under a line of lace inserted on the skirt it is effective. The newest



ASCOT GOWN OF BLACK SILK MUSLIN AND WHITE LACE.

boleros are short under the bust and turned down, as if with a full folded collar passing on over the shoulders just above the bust—which does not, I own, leave apparently much room for the bolero itself—still, there it is. The Capuchin trimming (as the turning down of a piece round the shoulders just above the bust is often called) is also a favourite finish for mantles. To the full description of the boas and ruffles of the moment that I gave last week I have a novelty to add. This new neck-adornment consists of a wide piece of silk or muslin closely accordion-pleated, but in no way fixed together, so that, of course, it is elastic, or rather concertina-like; the pleating ceases just at the place where the ends come on the bosom after passing round the neck, and thence the ungathered unpleated ends fall to near the hem of the gown. This is much less crushable than a rounded ruffle, and can be drawn more or less closely against the throat at pleasure; and, altogether, it is a nice idea, and novel.

Our Illustrations show Ascot gowns. One is in black silk muslin with yoke of Oriental embroidery, and bands of white lace interspersed with fine pleats; toque of black chiffon and flowers. The second is a Directoire coat of striped taffetas worn over a front of soft muslin trimmed with lace, and a hat to match.

I have received an account of a meeting held at Manchester recently, under the presidency of the Lady Mayores of that city, to receive the annual report of "the Ladies' Domestic Guild," the first attempt on the part of mistresses to meet the domestic servant difficulty by means of organised training and personal recommendation. Mrs. Hartley stated that the object of the Guild was not so much to supply individual mistresses with servants as to encourage servants to make themselves competent for their work. Over seven hundred lessons had been given in the year in domestic economy, and three hundred and thirteen attendances were recorded at the cookery demonstrations. The Guild thus trains those who are willing to improve, and then awards certificates of competency to well-qualified domestic workers. Domestic work is precisely one of those feminine occupations that are popularly supposed to come by nature to the sex, but that really are highly skilled arts, needing both theoretical training and practical experience to arrive at anything like perfection. Till ladies in general follow the excellent example of those of Manchester, and organise training-schools in every city for the would-be domestic worker, and give certificates of knowledge to those who deserve it, we shall continue to suffer from incompetency, and consequent dissatisfaction on both sides. FILOMENA.

AN APPEAL TO AN ARTISTIC PUBLIC BY WARINGS

The admiration of artistic Paris has been excited by the Great Gallery and other rooms decorated by Waring and Gillow in the British Pavilion, erected for the Royal Commission in connection with the Exhibition. These constitute an appeal to the artistic public, and it has met with a swift appreciation. Although the Pavilion itself is

sympathetic with and having the requisite knowledge of the Elizabethan style. In Mr. Lutyens was found the architect, and, by the unanimous voice of the Commission, the eminent firm of Messrs. Waring and Gillow was chosen to carry out the chief interior work on the lines prescribed both by the designer and the conditions.

It was a fortunate thing that Warings were able to undertake so important a matter, in addition to arranging their own exhibits at the Exposition, and in addition likewise to carrying out the many large contracts for decorating public buildings, hotels, and residences which they have now on hand. Their work has, happily, given a dignity and an artistic importance to the Decorative Section which it would otherwise have lacked. This is not a matter for surprise, considering the position which they have won for themselves in the decorative world. Some idea of the kind of *clientèle* they have captured may be got from the statement that since twelve months ago they opened a branch establishment, fitted with a

Drawing-Room, and Collinson and Lock the Saloon. The Great Gallery, or Reception Hall, is a type of an apartment, for official and ceremonial use, in many old English manor-houses. It was needful, in order to give it the necessary colour and to catch the spirit, as it were, of the period, to go to the best examples extant, and there was certainly nothing to surpass the great Hall at Knole in the dignity of fine and massive ornamentation. Warings have reproduced the main features of the majestic apartment with all the distinction and fine finish for which the firm is celebrated. To Continental critics both the type and the execution are revelations. The room has all the "atmosphere" of the period. Its richly panelled ceiling, with the effective ribwork pattern and the beautifully modelled plaster ornaments between; its finely panelled oak dado, surmounted with a wonderful reproduction of antique Genoese velvet in an intense colouring of deep red and old gold; its massive, almost monumental chimney-piece, constructed of many different kinds of marble, the variegated hues and veinings of which produce a remarkable and effective *ensemble*; the copies of old sconces (by Elkington's), and of antique grate and andirons, are not only artistic delights in themselves, but are full of a historical and antiquarian interest by reason of their fidelity



FRONT OF THE BRITISH PAVILION.

smaller than those of other countries in the Rue des Nations, it is in more refined taste than any of its competitors, and admirably illustrates the dignified and gracious art of a bygone time. The Elizabethan period, so far as domestic decoration is concerned, was characterised by stability and by a rich nobility of ornament suitable to the spaciousness of the apartments. It partook of the quiet, unobtrusive, yet impressive grandeur of the times. When the British Royal Commission decided that its Pavilion should be a reproduction of an Elizabethan Manor House, two things became essential—first, to secure an architect animated by the spirit of his subject, and secondly, to obtain for the principal rooms the co-operation of decorators in full

charming suite of specimen rooms, at 8, Rue Gluck, and Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, they have secured the patronage of Prince Djemil, Prince de Stolberg, Princesse d'Essling, Baronne Edmonde de Rothschild, Vicomtesse Villain XIV., Marquise d'Anglesey, General Sir Richard Westmacott, M. André Hartmann, M. Emile Deutsch, M. Henri Deutsch, M. Paul Desmarais, Madame Réjane, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, by whom they have been entrusted with the decorative treatment of his new yacht in the Greco-Roman style, which promises to be quite unique.

It should be mentioned here that the firm of Waring and Gillow, Limited, embraces S. J. Waring and Sons, Gillow and Co., and Collinson and Lock, and each of these component firms is responsible for important work in connection with the British Pavilion. Waring and Sons have carried out the complete decoration of the Great Gallery and the China Closet, Gillows have done the



THE LONG GALLERY.

and the sympathetic spirit in which the decorators have worked. It is due to Warings' studio to say that the Great Gallery is a triumph of decorative art, reproducing, as it does, not merely the material features of a fine domestic interior of the Elizabethan age, but also the subtle and indescribable "character" of the same, so suggestive of a bygone stateliness, so perfumed, so to speak, with the delicate aroma of the past.

Waring and Sons have also decorated the China Closet, an adjacent room constructed for the purpose of displaying a choice collection of old English porcelain. The hobby for collecting fine china is later than the Elizabethan period, and to harmonise the decoration of the little room with the function it fulfils, a judicious departure from the exact style has been found desirable.

Warings have, consequently, adopted the Renaissance of the time of William and Mary, with a good deal of the Dutch feeling, which is both appropriate and quaint. The room is fitted with upper and lower cases in banded walnut, which serve to display the collection of china. A very fine apartment is the Jacobean Drawing-Room, a worthy companion to the Great Gallery. Here the beautifully decorated chimney-piece, the richly panelled ceiling—a picture in itself—the oak dado, and the surmounting rose-coloured wall-covering are worthy illustrations of that fine flavour of style and dignity of which Waring and Gillow are past-masters. The Saloon is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful oak panelling, the walls being entirely covered in this way. "A dream in oak," one authority on decoration was heard to call it. The ceiling is panelled in rectangular divisions, which give an old-world formality to the apartment.

Only a firm with great resources could have turned out all this artistic work in a few months, especially in addition to the vast number of big contracts which they have on hand in different parts of the world. As an exhibit the decoration at the British Pavilion stamps them as the leaders, not only of design, but also of execution in decorative work. Paris is delighted, and although there have been hitches and delays in connection with the Pavilion, the result causes them all to be forgotten. It is an artistic and an educational triumph.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

being used, that one would think an outbreak would be an impossibility, and certainly the preventive appliances are the best guarantees for safety. It should be noticed, moreover, that the hotel has no fewer than seven staircases which could be used in cases of emergency.

The Russell represents all that is best in the art of hotel organisation, while Messrs. Maple and Co.'s many years' experience and a keen appreciation of the needs of the time have produced a palatial home of comfort, healthfulness, and luxury.

The central winter-garden will be one of the most popular features of the grand Russell Hotel. It is adorned with palms and other tropical plants, provided with easy-chairs and tables, and here the orchestra plays every evening after dinner. It will be the centre of hotel life, and bids fair soon to become a favourite place of reunion. As in some other London hotels, the dining-rooms at the Russell are open for non-residents, and the excellent theatre-suppers which will be provided promise to be in great request. The Russell contains altogether nearly seven hundred rooms, commanding views of Russell Square and the neighbourhood. The hotel belongs to the Frederick Hotel Company, the proprietors of the Hôtel Great Central. Both Sir John Blundell Maple and Mr. Frederick Gordon were present at the inaugural fête.



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A NEW LONDON HOTEL

The Hôtel Russell, Russell Square, introduces a new element in the district. Internally, it is one of the most beautiful and perfectly arranged hotels in London, and one of the finest examples of Messrs. Maple and Co.'s work. Their decoration is the perfection of good taste, and their furniture affords the acme of comfort. It has a gorgeous marble entrance; a luxurious winter-garden or lounge forms the centre of the building; while around the ground-floor are handsome dining-rooms, both large and small, spacious reading, smoking, and billiard rooms, all fitted in a style to make visitors as comfortable as possible.

The whole of the building is lighted with electric light in an artistic style; the electroliers are chiefly metal-work and bronze. The light is exceedingly well distributed.

For the convenience of visitors a Telephone apparatus has been placed in every bed-room, which will be found of great service in summoning waiters, etc., saving time in giving orders.

A most perfect system of fire-preventive appliances has been installed in the hotel by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, the well-known engineers, of Greenwich. So carefully has the building been constructed, fireproof material



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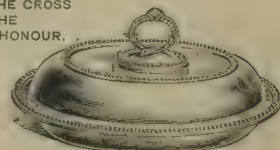
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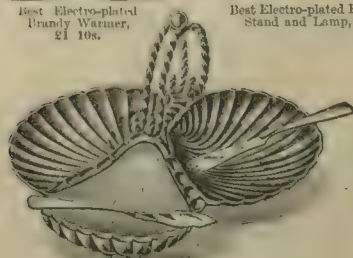


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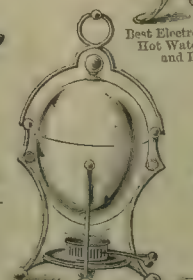
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It produces orchestral music, giving the full orchestral effects such as it is impossible to obtain by means of any other single instrument.

All this is directly under the control of the player whether he has or has not any musical knowledge whatever.

The following advice was given by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, Editor of *Musical News* (New York), in reply to an inquiry as to the wisdom of commencing piano study at the age of thirty-two:

"If you are looking for the ability to enjoy music at pleasure and to become familiar with the kinds of music such as one seldom plays one's self (orchestral overtures, symphonies, and the like), I would suggest the Aeolian. The amount of pleasure that can be got out of an instrument of this kind is simply incredible. The whole world is open to the player. Your exercise upon this instrument would be almost entirely exercise in music, properly speaking, whereas in studying the piano your exercise would be largely that of endeavouring to control your fingers."

The prices range from £24 to £300. The cheapest Aeolian plays something like seven thousand pieces—and plays them well, too.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe's proposal of a Round Table Conference has been received with intense disfavour by the Evangelicals. The Prebendary now practically withdraws it. He says that unless Lord Halifax and his friends recede from the position which he has proved them to have taken up in direct opposition to the law of this realm, and publicly announce their recantation or withdrawal, he considers that a Round Table Conference would be an empty farce and a folly. He deeply regrets that his action has been misunderstood by his friends, and says that loyalty is at the present moment for Englishmen the article of a standing or falling Church.

Prebendary Studdard, of Hereford, has written it is possible for the clergy to accept with any sense of self-respect the leadership of Lord Salisbury, "who was recently and justly rebuked by the Archbishop of Canterbury for what amounted to a blank refusal to pay any attention to the subject of temperance. Can we accept the Duke of Devonshire as the exponent of our political views, with his ignoble appeal to his party not to risk votes and seats over great moral questions?"

In a report of a pretty wedding the other day a contemporary said that the font was filled with red roses. On this a Church paper remarks: "Such desecration as the filling of a font with flowers should not be allowed for a moment, and the laity, if the clergy are indifferent, should compel some regard for reverence in this respect."

The monument erected by Lord Halifax in Hickleton Churchyard to the memory of his three sons has been

defaced and mutilated apparently by some fanatic. A reward of £50 has been offered for the discovery of the miscreant.

It is said by a friend of the late Sir George Grove that he learned Hebrew in order to qualify himself for the task of helping in the work of "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible." His most striking article in Smith's Dictionary is that on Elijah.

daughter Mary, Countess Esterhazy; and one fourth for the two children of his deceased son John, but large sums, exceeding £110,000, already given to his children are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1896), with a codicil (dated May 30, 1898), of Mr. John Clerk, Q.C., of 9, Eaton Square, and Astley Castle, Nuneaton, Warwick, who died

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Oct. 3, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 7, 1898), of Mr. George Washington Charters, of Belfast and Goring Hall, Goring, Sussex, who died on Jan. 31, granted to Washington Charters and James Boomer Charters, the sons, William Coates, Joseph Coates, and the Right Hon. William James Pirrie, the executors, was resented in London on May 28, the value of the estate in England and Ireland amounting to £489,176. The testator gives £5000, his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £5000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Charters; an annuity of £200 to his sister-in-law, Emma Duke; an annuity of £200 to Joseph Coates and his wife, Jenny; an annuity of £100 to William Coates and his wife, Frances; annuities of £100 each to his executors; £5000 to the endowment fund of the Royal Victoria Hospital (Belfast); £1000 each to the Charitable Society and the Hospital for Sick Children (Belfast); £600 per annum for five years for such charitable and benevolent purposes in Ireland as his executors may select; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fourth each to his sons Washington and James Boomer; one fourth, upon trust, for his



THE COLLAPSE OF CEMENT PILES AT SOUTHAMPTON: AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

The Cold Storage Warehouse, now in process of construction at Southampton, was recently the scene of a serious accident. A number of men engaged in making "Ferro Concrete" piles were in the act of leaving at the dinner-hour when the piles fell over, owing, it is said, to a sinkage of the ground. The falling weight was enormous, aggregating nearly a thousand tons. One man was killed and several injured.

Photo. Gregory.

DR. NANSSEN'S EXPEDITION.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR.



Photograph of one of the Boxes of Bird's Custard Powder taken out by Dr. Nansen to the Polar Regions and the only one whose contents remained unconsumed by the crew of the "Fram."

At the request of Dr. Nansen, who acted upon the advice of one of the most eminent Food Experts of the Inland Revenue Department of the British Government, Alfred Bird and Sons, of Birmingham, supplied the Expedition with a sufficient quantity of Bird's Custard Powder to provide a pint of Custard for the crew for every day in the week for five years. The "Fram" was away for only a little more than three years, yet in reply to an enquiry at the sale of surplus stores at Christiania, Dr. Nansen directed his Secretary, Mr. Claus Petersen, to write that there was absolutely none of Bird's Custard Powder left, the whole supply having been consumed on the voyage!

It was, however, discovered that a solitary Box returned with the "Fram," and a photograph of it is here presented, showing its exact appearance after its wanderings in the Polar Regions.

There could be no more conclusive testimony as to the extreme value of Bird's Custard as an article of diet, and as a dainty, wholesome, and acceptable dish, than the fact that the crew of the "Fram" consumed a five years' ordinary supply in no more than three years!

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REFLECTIONS.

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Dull brasses, dull fire-irons, dull coppers, dull windows, dull glass-ware make home a depressing picture of dull surroundings. This is not mere fancy, but the picture of many a home in which the housewife is not acquainted with MONKEY BRAND.

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the Statement that

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are doing YEOMAN Service for the
BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

HINTS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Taken from the "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL," Jan. 20, 1900.

"Don't drink too much water on the field, as it brings on dysentery, &c. I found that by keeping or sucking a date-seed in my mouth it prevented thirst a great deal. I may state that my general health was excellent all through the Soudan Campaign. I put this down to the fact that I had provided myself with Beecham's Pills, which I took regularly. I would strongly advise all the Volunteers to do the same."—R. G., Beith, Ayrshire, late Corporal, Scots Guards.

William Francis Farrer, the executor, the value of the estate in England being £9951. The testator gives £200 to his mother, Lady Hildesleigh, and a sum of £20,000 is to be paid upon trust to pay the income thereof to her for life, and then to his two children, Hugh Hamilton Stafford Northcote and Cecily Julia Monica Northcote; an annuity of £200 to his sister Lady Margaret Stafford Shelley; £1000, upon trust, for his brother the Hon. and Rev. John Stafford Northcote; £100 each to his daughters Lady Agnes Mary Macleod, and his brother the Hon. Amyas Northcote; £500 to his brother the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Francis Northcote; £300 to his niece, Jacquita Northcote; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each, upon trust, for his son and daughter, and one third, upon trust, for his mother for life, and then for his two children.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Eliza Anne Bowman, of 24, Redland Gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 12, were proved on May 28 by Mrs. Lucy Anne Wintworth, the daughter, William Rawson Lyon, and

Harry William Lyall, the executors, the value of the estate being £5782.

The will of Mr. John Graham Cordery, C.S.I., of Bellingham, who died on April 8, was proved on May 26 by James Cordery and Arthur Cordery, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being £5621.

The will of Colonel William Lewis Kinloch Ogilvy, C.B., of 29, Elvaston Place, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on May 25 by Mrs. Lucy Ogilvy, the widow, and Henry John Beresford Clements the executors, the value of the estate being £9270.

The *Church Times* thinks it possible that the Liverpool Bill may be carried in next Parliament, and urges that High Churchmen should refuse a vote to any candidate who will not oppose the Liverpool Bill, and any similar measure. It advises also that clerics should be instructed on the subject, and made to see that the certain sequel to the Liverpool Bill will be Disestablishment, and that its

provisions will accept not only the extreme ritualists but those who have been classed as moderate High Churchmen. It urges that whenever the moment arrives for the sweeping change of Disestablishment, it will be necessary to be in the strongest possible position in order to obtain the most advantageous terms in a settlement which at best must entail considerable sacrifice. All the signs point to a keen revival of the Church controversy in the early future.

Mr. G. W. T. Russell, in a recent sermon declared that it required, as they now saw, a great agony of mind to bring the Church once more to pray for those who had gone before us into the unseen world. Now, thank God, the authorities of State and religion had recognised the use of prayers for the departed.

The exodus to Paris has commenced, and interesting statistics of the Channel traffic show that considerably over 3600 passengers booked for Paris via Newhaven and Dieppe during the four days of the Whitstable holidays, as compared with 2500 at the same period during the last Exhibition in 1889, or an increase of nearly 50 per cent.

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These delicious Liqueurs, which have come from the Grande Chartreuse, are of the highest quality.
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if Lady Butler's... with the recognition... but a fitting honour bestowed upon a distinguished...
What a boon that clever invention, Amiral Soap, has been to ladies inclined to embonpoint! Instead of dosing themselves with drugs, which upset their systems, instead of embarking on a rigorous course of diet, with every nice and desirable viand eliminated, they have merely to use Amiral Soap daily, according to the directions, and the too solid flesh diminishes very slowly and gradually, but surely, day by day, leaving no ugly wrinkles or shrivelled skin where the superfluous fat has been absorbed. The discomfort as well as the inelegance of a figure spreading below the waist is so obvious that one cannot wonder at the popularity of Amiral Soap, which fills a long-felt want in reducing adipose tissue by external means without wrinkling the skin. It can be had from any chemist for 8s. the box, or direct from the Amiral Soap Co., 3, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

Is there anything more delightful, when one is in the agony of trying to arrive at a decision with

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CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBOCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SONS, 15, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are registered on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

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ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
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A GREAT FRENCH FAMILY.

That a second edition of "The Household of the Lafayette" (London: Constable, 6s.) should have been already called for shows how strong a hold the old régime and the French Revolution have on the imagination of the casual reader, as well as of the historical student. The writer has attempted not only to reconstitute the curious composite household which surrounded the central figure of Lafayette, but to recreate, as it were, the atmosphere of the strange social conditions existing in the great French noblesse world just before the outbreak of the Revolution—a world which, curiously enough, had scarcely any link with that which had its centre at Court—that is, at Versailles. Still, the fact that Lafayette himself, if not his surroundings, was made welcome in Marie Antoinette's exclusive

salon is admitted by the historian of the Lafayette family. It surely makes his subsequent dealings with Louis XVI. and with the Queen more inexplicable than Miss Sichel is willing to allow, for in her description of the fatal 5th of October she follows those accounts which give Lafayette a fine rather than an ignoble rôle. Less successful, but how infinitely more difficult to draw, is the picture of revolutionary Paris. Miss Sichel has evidently "got up" the period with unflagging industry, and she has garnered many curious and pathetic anecdotes. But though certain pages of the chapter entitled "The Prisons of the Revolution" contain matter of absorbing interest, Miss Sichel does not add much to our real knowledge of those strange epoch-making years. Of Lafayette the man, as opposed to Lafayette the legendary character, who has remained one of the heroes in the history of two

Continents, Miss Sichel presents many novel traits. She gives a touching and beautiful account of his relations with his wife, which may be commended to those who doubt the reality and fervour of French family affection. There are, indeed, few passages in English biographical literature as touching as the account of Madame de Lafayette's last days, when the one fixed point in a mind which had already failed was her passionate—though not unreasonable—devotion to her husband and to her children. As to Lafayette the maker of history, Miss Sichel is evidently at a loss to account for his extraordinary fame. She points out that he actually achieved little either in tactics or in policy, and she even denies to him that personal magnetism which must, however, have existed in no small degree in the man who impressed even his own household as a hero.

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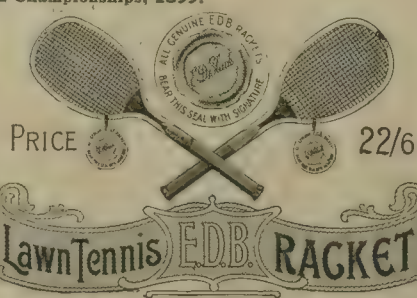
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LORD ROBERTS AND HIS STAFF WATCHING THE BOERS RETREAT FROM SAND RIVER; GENERAL FRENCH PURSUING THE ENEMY ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

Facsimile of Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



WAITING FOR LORD ROBERTS AT KROONSTAD. MAY 12. 1900.



PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK BUYING REMOUNTS

FREE STATE CAMPAIGNING.

Our campaigning scenes from the Free State represent various characteristic moments of our advance towards the Transvaal border. Everywhere the traces of war are apparent, one of the most striking instances being the store looted by the Boers at Sand River Siding. Shelves have been almost entirely emptied of merchandise, and the whole place has been ransacked and left in hopeless wreck and confusion. The reason for the outrage was that the owner of the store had gone into our lines and had presumably made his submission to the British Government.

In Lord Roberts's advance from Brandfort to Kroonstad, the actions were mainly affairs of cavalry, with which arm the credit of conquest lay. The district about the Sand River, upon which the town of Smaldeel stands, was strongly disaffected, but everywhere our troops found that the women and children who had been left to defend the homesteads, despite the fact that they had been mainly instrumental in sending forth their mankind to war, came into our camps, soliciting the protection of the British arms for their household gods, their crops and herds. Fresh evidence of the prevailing anti-English feeling of the district is afforded by the picture of the wrecked store, to which we have already referred. Although we are without absolute proof, it is highly probable that the looted store was the "goel kop winkel" which stood near the head of the bridge over the Sand. This bridge, when our troops reached it, was completely wrecked.

From Sand River, after a sharp engagement, the advance was continued on May 11. The enemy was now withdrawing rapidly, and had not seriously damaged the railway between Ventersburg and the Valsch Bridge at Kroonstad. The town itself lies eight miles beyond the river.

It was expected that at this point resistance would be obstinate, for the enemy was known to have constructed many earthworks. The cavalry were accordingly ordered to wait for the infantry, as the ground was exactly suited

to the Boers' method of warfare. A rash action might have meant grievous disaster. For some time Gordon and Hutton were occupied in clearing the enemy out of the district around Geneva Siding. General French, fetching a wide circuit, descended into Boschrand. One of the first duties of the forces of occupation was to discover the personages whose disaffection had been most notorious.

demanded of him, and that he knew of no concealed store of weapons. He had further to engage that he would not take up arms against the British Government during the present war, nor would he at any time furnish any member of the Republican forces with assistance or information as to the numbers or movements of the British forces. To this was added the engagement to remain quietly

at home until the war is over. The person surrendering had also to declare that he was aware that if he had made any false statement or should break his oath, he rendered himself liable to summary and severe punishment by the British authorities. Shots were exchanged from time to time, but the enemy did not seem to be present in anything like considerable force, and on May 12, when the troops had arrived within five miles of Kroonstad, it was announced that there would be no opposition, and that the town might be occupied as soon as the British commander chose to make his entry.

The crowd waiting for Lord Roberts's entry into Kroonstad leads up to the incidents portrayed in Mr. Melton Prior's large picture of the event. At one p.m. on May 12, the troops marched past the Field-Marshal in the Market Square. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, Mr. Bennet Burleigh, notes that the men, though in khaki clothing, and dusty at that, looked in fine condition, and were enthusiastically cheered by a large crowd, many of the onlookers having donned red, white, and blue favours. The same afternoon and the next day the oath of allegiance was administered to the Boers who had submitted by Major Poore, the Provost Marshal. Of the ceremony at Smaldeel we give an interesting picture. Three of our illustrations on this page are by Messrs. Rosenthal; those of Prince

Francis of Teck buying remounts, and the Raadzaal, are by our Special Correspondent, Mr. Owen Scott.

It is part of the irony of circumstance that the Raadzaal at Bloemfontein, which had seen the adoption of many measures which were to culminate in the present war, should in some degree help to alleviate the sufferings thereby caused, by serving as an hospital for the wounded.



THE RAADZAAL, BLOEMFONTEIN. USED AS A HOSPITAL.

The worst of these were put under arrest, and various officials were put upon parole. Many of these were members of the Raad. The Landdrost and the Field Cornet were also bound over. Several hundred rifles and a large quantity of ammunition were given up. The oath which had to be taken on submission included a solemn declaration that the testator had given up all the arms and ammunition



STORE LOOTED BY BOERS AT SAND RIVER SIDING.



MAJOR POORE (AT THE TABLE) ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO BOER PRISONERS AT SMALDEEL.



THE FIRST UNION JACK IN THE TRANSVAAL: THE FUSILIERS BIVOUAC ON THE VAAL.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT MICHAEL R. K. HODGSON, 2ND ROYAL FUSILIERS

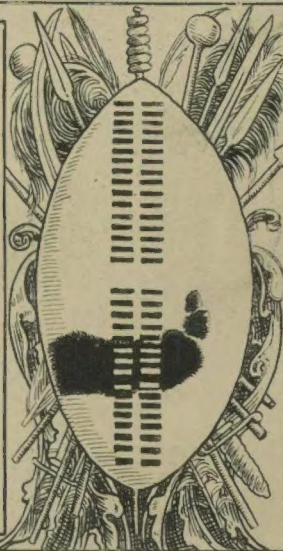
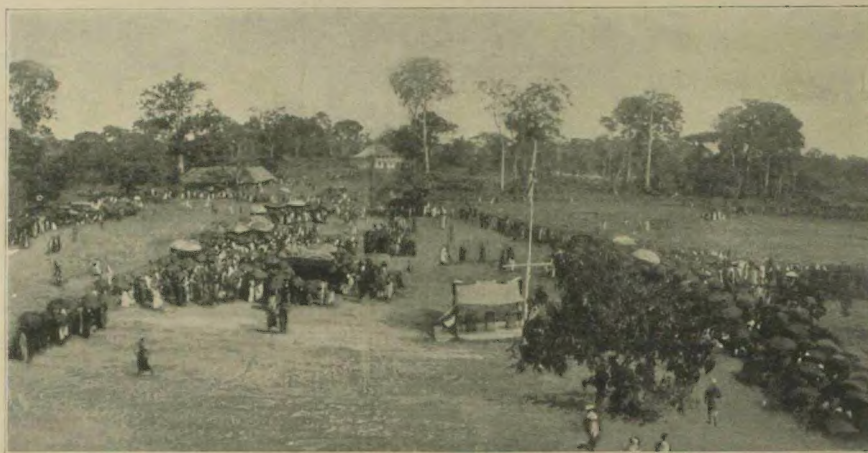
On Monday, May 14, Sir A. Hunter, with the 5th Brigade and the Frontier Brigade, invaded the Transvaal from Fourteen Streams and bivouacked eight miles across the Vaal. Over the Maxim gun bivouac of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers floated a Union Jack stuck in a rifle-barrel.



THE SURRENDER OF KROONSTAD: THE MARCH PAST LORD ROBERTS, THE GUARDS LEADING.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

FROM CAPE COAST TO KUMASSI.



A VILLAGE SCENE NEAR KUMASSI.

PRELIMINARIES TO THE PALAVER.

ENTRY OF THE BELEAGUERED RESIDENT, SIR F. H. HODGSON, INTO KUMASSI.

THE PALAVER HELD AT KUMASSI ON MARCH 28, 1900, JUST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK.

Photographs by Captain Armitage and Mr. E. Edwards, Kumassi.



THE ELMINA ROAD FROM THE FORT, CAPE COAST CASTLE.
AN ASHANTI VILLAGE.

THE MAIN ROAD TO KUMASSI.

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.
A NATIVE DWARF, AND RESIDENCE OF AN ASHANTI DEITY.

Photographs by Captain Armitage and Mr. E. Edwards, Kumassi.

Holland-Strickland

THE DUKES OF WELLINGTON.

His Grace Henry Wellesley, third Duke of Wellington, who died on June 8 at Strathfieldsaye House, was the fourth son of Major-General Lord Charles Wellesley, second son of the first Duke of Wellington. He was born on April 5, 1846, and succeeded to the title in 1884. He was educated at Eton, and entered the Army, from which he retired in 1882 as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. For four years, from 1874 to



THE FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

From the Miniature by Isabey at Apsley House (hitherto unpublished).

1880, he represented Andover in Parliament, and was Ambassador Extraordinary, representing the Queen at the funeral of the King of Spain in 1885. In 1882 he married Evelyn, daughter of the late Colonel Thomas Peers Williams, M.P. Although the dukedom of Wellington is certainly not among the most ancient in the kingdom, the title, with its subsidiary honours, is reminiscent of some of the most glorious chapters of English history. The mere heraldic recital of these is like a review in brief of the great wars with which the nineteenth century opened. It is almost worth while, even at the risk of tediousness, to recall the full title of the Duke of Wellington. He is Marquis of Douro, Marquis and Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington in Somerset. These are his titles in the peerage of the United Kingdom. In



Photo. Russell.

THE THIRD DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
DIED JUNE 8, 1900.

the peerage of Ireland he is the Earl of Mornington, Viscount Wellesley of Dangan Castle, and Baron of Mornington; in the Netherlands, he is Prince of Waterloo; in Spain, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee of the first class; in Portugal, Duke of Vitoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count of Vimieira.

The family, whose surname was originally Colley, traces its descent from Walter Colley, an English gentleman of the time of Henry VII., who was sent to Ireland to watch the conduct of Gerald, eighth Earl of Kildare, then Lord Deputy of Ireland. The great-grandson of this Walter, Sir Henry Colley, a Captain in the Army of Queen Elizabeth and Privy Councillor in Ireland, first allied the family with the Wellesleys by his marriage with Alison, daughter of William Wellesley, or Wesley, of Dangan. Colley, however, was the family name until the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The change was directly brought about by the marriage of Elizabeth Colley to a Wellesley of Dangan. This line became extinct, and in September 1728, Mr. Richard



THE FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Colley, a cousin of the last of the Wellesleys and nephew of Elizabeth Wellesley, assumed the surname and arms of Wellesley. In 1746, this Colley was elevated to the peerage of Ireland by the title of Baron Mornington. He was succeeded by his son Garret, who was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington. The Earl was succeeded by his son Richard, who was created Baron Wellesley of Wellesley in Somerset



ARTHUR RICHARD, SECOND DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

in the peerage of Great Britain, and Marquis of Wellesley in the peerage of Ireland, in 1799. The latter title was conferred upon him in recognition of his services as Governor-General of India, where he crushed Tippee and destroyed the empire of Mysore. By far the most distinguished member of the house, of course, was the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, third son of Garret, first Earl of Mornington.

The "Great Duke" was born at Mornington House, 24, Upper Merriam Street, Dublin, on April 29, 1769. He entered the British Army in 1787 as an ensign in the 73rd Regiment. Three years later we find him sitting in the Irish Parliament as member for Trim; but the field, not the forum, was to be the scene of his greatest exploits, and the only regrettable part of his career is the fact that, after his sword was sheathed, he should have returned to

the domain of politics, should have outworn his time, and have lived to barricade his house against a London mob.

In India he began to gather those laurels which were afterwards to crowd so thick upon him in the Peninsula and in Belgium. His chief battles, many of which we have heard echoed in his titles, were Assaye, Vimieira, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz,



THE FIRST DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

WIFE OF THE GREAT DUKE.

From the Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Salamanca, Vitoria, Orthes, and Toulouse, the list closing with the great names of Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

On April 10, 1806, he married the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edmund Michael, second Lord Longford. The first Duchess died on April 25, 1831. There were two sons of the marriage: Arthur Richard, who succeeded his father as the second Duke, and who died without issue; and Charles, Major-General in the Army, M.P. for South Hampshire, the father of the Duke of Wellington who has just died. The second Duke married, in April 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale. The second Duchess, who is still



Photo. Mills and Saunders.

LORD ARTHUR CHARLES WELLESLEY,
THE PRESENT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

alive, was Bedchamber Woman to the Queen from 1843 to 1858, and Mistress of the Robes from 1861 to 1868, and again in 1874. The fourth Duke, who has just succeeded, was the brother of the late holder of the title.

Lord Arthur Charles Wellesley is a Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, and was born on March 15, 1849. He retired on half-pay in 1895. The new Duke married on Oct. 24, 1872, Kathleen Emily Bulkeley, daughter of Captain Robert Williams, A.D.C., brother of Sir Robert Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley. There are four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, now Lord Arthur Charles Wellesley, is a Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment. He was born on June 9, 1876. The Isabey portrait of the great Duke of Wellington in early life is from the Apsley House collection, and is of especial interest owing to the fact that it has not hitherto been published. That of the second Duchess was taken in very early life when her Grace was Lady Elizabeth Hay. The portrait of the second Duke is in fancy dress.

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,
WIDOW OF THE SECOND DUKE.

Photo. Alice Hughes.

THE PRESENT DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.